THE

PALL MALL GAZETTE

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THE NEXT STEP IN IRELAND.

Mr. Dillon has not yet said anything on the crisis in Ireland, but that there is a crisis will be much more clearly seen before many weeks have passed over. The crisis arises entirely out of the agrarian question, and it will be created by evictions. The national question is distinctly in abeyance at present, and we are not likely to hear much discussion of Home Rule in Ireland for the rest of the year. The question is not at present one of providing Home Rule for Ireland, but of the retaining possession of their homes by the peasantry in the South and the West. Important as Home Rule is, it is less immediately pressing than the maintenance of the existence of the home, and it is the latter question which preoccupies the attention of the popular leaders in Ireland at the present moment.

It is usually supposed, and with some degree of truth, that Coercion is the alternative of Home Rule, but it would be more strictly correct to say that Coercion is necessary in order to enforce evictions. Evictions are necessary because there has been no satisfactory settlement of arrears; hence the fundamental fact of the situation is that Coercion is necessary in Ireland because Parliament has refused to stand between an impoverished peasantry and landlords who persist, under threat of extermination, in exacting payment in full of arrears that are admittedly unjust. That is the kind of thing that has made Home Rule necessary, and as long as Unionist government is interpreted by the battering-ram and the bayonet, and the track of the Empire is traced by the ruins of Irish homesteads, it is impossible to expect the Irish people to become enthusiastic over the connection with Great Britain. It is stated by those who have examined into the matter in detail that none of the 1,300 sentences imposed under the Coercion Act would have been passed but for disputes about old arrears of rent. That is to say, the Coercion Act would have been practically a dead letter if a clause had been added to the Irish Land Act of 1887 dealing with arrears, just as there would have been no Plan of Campaign if the Government had consented to legislate in 1886 as they were subsequently compelled to legislate in 1887; and in one notorious case, where the Marquis of Clanricarde is employing the forces of the Crown in order to devastate the homes of his tenantry in Galway, there have been no fewer than 160 persons sent to gaol in the last two years solely owing to the dispute on this solitary estate. At another small place no fewer than forty persons have been sent to gaol through disputes arising from the eviction of four tenants. When Mr. Balfour accepted office, he aspired to unite the rôles of Cromwell in the crushing of all resistance to authority and of Mr. Gladstone in removing all legitimate ground of grievance that could be alleged against the operation of the Land Law. Had he but been true to his own aspirations, and dealt honestly with the vexed ground-rent question, he would have had no need for his Coercion Act. It is evictions, and evictions alone, that render Coercion necessary.

The one pressing question in Ireland to-day is not how to secure Home Rule, nor how to provide for the creation of peasant proprietors. It is much simpler than that. There are thousands of men, women, and children in Ireland who are living under threat of imminent ruin. They know not the day nor the hour when the armed forces of the Empire may be let loose to beat down the walls of their humble cottages, and to turn them adrift upon the world without a roof to shelter them from the storm, and without any means of making a livelihood. It is this haunting dread—never adequately realized by the English public—which aggravates and embitters all the other difficulties which we have to face in Ireland. It is this dread which, unless something is done, will drive the harassed and distracted peasantry into crimes of desperation. If Lord Clanricarde continues to lay waste his Galway property, levelling homestead after homestead of the industrious peasantry who have earned rent for him and his fathers before him for many generations, then, unquestionably, there will be dark and bloody work in Galway. But for the energetic action of Mr. Shaw Lefevre and others, it might have begun before now. Nothing but the restraining influence of English counsels, nothing but the hope that if they are only patient and hold on in silent suffering for another winter they will secure the triumph of Home Rule, could have prevented their resorting already to the methods which their forefathers had on their tyrants, bidding them beware of the vengeance of despair.

Our problem—that is, the problem of the Liberal party—is to keep up the hearts of these people, and to encourage them to continue in the path of passive resistance to a tyrannous and iniquitous system. It is not very clear how this can be done. A suggestion has been made that a deputation from the Clanricarde tenantry should come over to London about the time when Parliament reassembles, and that they should wait upon the leaders of political parties, applying, in the first instance, of course, to Lord Salisbury, and finally addressing themselves to public opinion at a meeting in St. James's Hall. While approving of this suggestion, we venture to think that it might be improved upon. Why, for instance, should we not have a deputation not only from the Clanricarde estate, but from all the more important estates on which evictions are threatened, which would not merely address itself to the London public, but would undertake a pilgrimage through the provinces? Everything that forces the essential facts of the Irish situation home upon the consciences and hearts of the English public is good. It is by the means of evictions that the Irish landlords in times past have broken the spirit of the Irish people. It is by using their own weapon against themselves, and familiarizing the English public with the horror and the shame of the injustice which these evictions represent, that the yoke of the landlord will be broken to-day.

TRADE WITH SIBERIA.

The First Voyage of the "Phœnix" to Yeniseisk.

As public interest in Captain Wiggins's past and future work in this trade seems now to be receiving some recognition—thanks to Sir Robert Morier and the Press generally—perhaps the following account, which I have extracted from his several letters, of his voyage last year in the steamship *Phœnix* may also be read with interest:—

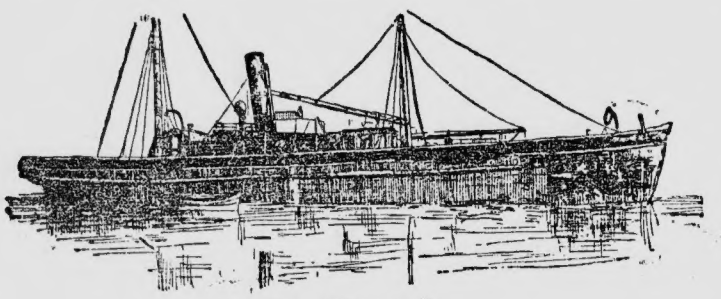
We left the Tyne in the steamship *Phœnix* on August 5, and on the following day we arrived at Aberdeen. After leaving there we encountered a severe north-west gale and made for Bergen to take in coal, where after a short stay we left for Tromsoe and Vardoe. After finishing our coaling for the voyage at the latter, we left on the 19th and had made about 40 miles when we encountered a very strong easterly gale, and as we could make no headway and were burning our coals uselessly, we put back. On returning we found a Russian schooner lying dismasted and signalling for assistance, and managed to get her safely into port. The owner was on board, and was very grateful to us—another instance of the truth of the old adage, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." On the 23rd we again left Vardoe, shaping our course for Waigaitz Straits, arriving there on the 28th, and next day arrived in the Kara Sea. We had fine weather, and after some days and nights of anxious navigation we made the land off the East Bank of Yenisei Gulf. We shall never forget the magnificent spectacle that greeted us in the Kara Sea on the first morning we entered it. We had steamed about a hundred miles beyond the Waigaitz Straits and had got clear of the fogs hanging about there when at 3 P.M. the sun rose in all its glory, tinting the whole cloud-laden sky from extreme east to extreme west, until the whole heavens were brilliant with colour—gold, red, pink, and purple. In some places the clouds were what we sailors call "mackerel back," in others light and fleecy, while in the distant west huge heavy masses were gathered, all tinted with purple and gold. The sea and our vessel were ablaze with the reflection of this gorgeous scene overhead. Again on the evening of the same day we witnessed a transcendentally beautiful sight, for as the sun went down the whole canopy of clouds overhead and far away to the eastward were flooded with golden light, while vessel and sea were bathed in a ruddy glow, which lasted for perhaps thirty minutes, then the colours faded and changed from one lovely tint to another till far past midnight. We had a sombre daylight all through the night, when the sun again announced its approach by lighting up gloriously the north-eastern heavens, and another bright day urged us to go forward. No pen, no painter could possibly do the faintest justice to glorious scenes

like these, and the fortunate beholder must be impressed with the beautiful words of our hymn—

Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in
Earth, and sky, and sea.

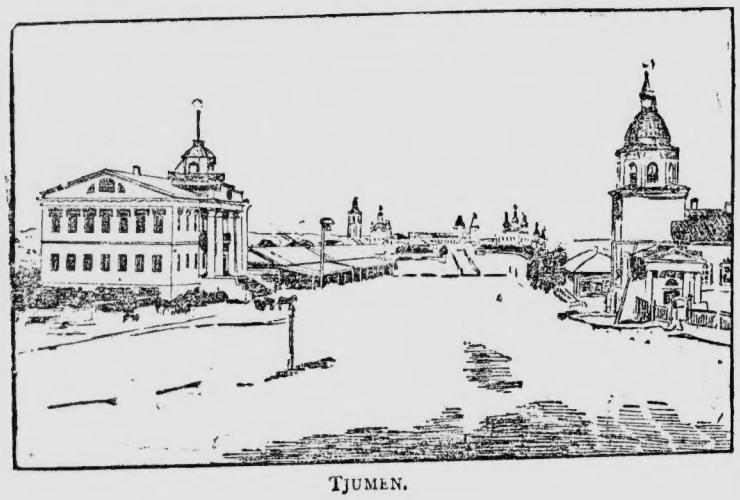
After this fine spell we had to do battle again with gales heavily laden with sleet and snow, and nothing to be seen of the sky for days together; but our little craft went steadily on, and with the aid of our trusty lead, and through sunshine and storm, we in due time arrived at the "desired haven."

On the 2nd of September we made the land and went ashore at a deserted place (three ruined houses) on the highlands of the Yenisei Main, where I gathered some flowers which were sent home. It was not far from this place where we sheltered with the little steamer *Thames* in 1876, and then rode out a fearful gale for three days under an island which I named "Thames Haven." We passed the island on



THE "PHŒNIX."

this occasion in bright sunshine, and its rocky scenery is the most wonderful we ever beheld—Fingal's Cave excepted. The high rugged rocks on the western side are deeply furrowed vertically by the action of melting snows, and stand out in mighty columns by hundreds, the sea dashing and bellowing into the dark chasms, the effect being weird and fascinating in the extreme. On the 4th we had a bad time, snowing and blowing and shipping heavy seas. On the 8th the weather cleared, and we reached the first inhabited place. The Russians and Samoyedes were very pleased to see us, and a fine intelligent Samoyede came on board to pilot us, and which he did for fifty miles. Mr. Charles Gardiner, with his usual forethought and kindness, had sent with us his steam-launch, and this proved invaluable for searching out the best channels, going ahead of the *Phœnix* and leading the way. When we arrived at Sidderoff Bay we met my old friend Patchka, the King of the Samoyedes. He is now very aged, and nearly blind; but, whether it was my voice or the "Pigeon Russ" I spoke, he knew me, and greeted me with great joy. Next morning at the sound of the steam whistle this G.O.M. came on board as pilot, guided by his wife, and accompanied us for nearly 200 miles. It was a case of "the blind leading the blind,"

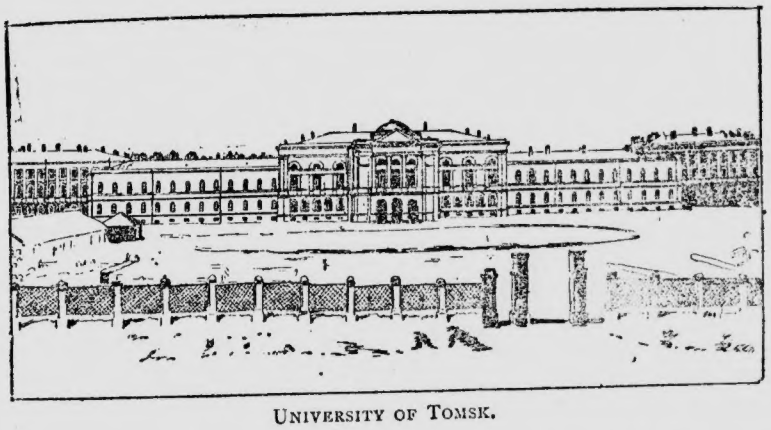


TJUMEN.

the old man telling me to steer for such an island and then on to such another, then to such a point—describing as we went—till we made our way safely through the intricate network of islands and reached Tolsti Cape, where the old King left us, well paid and with many presents.

After passing Dudinska the country gradually improved. Leaving the barren hills behind, we came upon splendid woods and forests, and reached Sullivanika, a neat village, where we left part of our cargo. We were now about 1,000 miles up the river, near the Kamina Pass, the most dangerous place on the river on account of the shoals and currents; but we found plenty of water, and might have brought all our cargo on easily. It was reported that no vessel drawing more than five or six feet of water could get through this dreaded Kamina (strong and rocky) Pass except in the rapids, where no vessel could go owing to the current whirling along at the rate of seven miles an hour; but there was nothing for us except the central passage, as we could not take the shallow and smooth channel near the shore; so at it we went, through the circuitous gorge, the rocky cliffs towering high overhead—but plenty of sea-room to navigate our vessel, and twenty fathoms of water under us. Steadily the sturdy little *Phœnix* ploughed her way on under the fullest pressure of steam we could give her; and well she did her work, for in 1½ hours she succeeded in forging her way safely through this difficult and dangerous pass. When the villager who had volunteered to show us the way saw us take the central channel he drew a long breath, and stood aghast, watching in silence and awe the progress of the vessel; nor did he recover his composure until we had forced our way through into the broader and more tranquil stream beyond. The scenery in the pass was magnificent, and after leaving it behind we took it easy, steaming ahead among lovely islands; but we had to be very careful to avoid the numerous shoals and sandbanks. We came upon many villages and a finely wooded country, the trees looking gorgeous in their varied hues.

At last, on the 9th October, we arrived at and anchored off the splendid city of Yeniseisk, when we fired our gun, blew our steam whistle, mustered all hands on deck, and gave three ringing cheers. Down came crowds of people from all parts of the city to have a look at us, and it was with difficulty our agent got through the crowd to send off a telegram to England announcing our safe arrival. There soon flashed back to us in reply two messages of one word each—the first, 'Hurrah!' the second, 'Congratulations!' There are about 100,000 inhabitants here—Russians, Poles, Tartars, &c. The gold-miners were now returning from their summer's work, and, like the rough Californian and Australian miners, are given to drink and brawling, but they soon go off to their respective villages, and then good order and quietness prevails in the streets. The city has fine churches, grand houses, good shops, and broad streets. The river is about three miles wide here. I visited the museum with the Chief of Police—a Polish exile—and was much interested. It contains a first-rate collection of curiosities, and in a conspicuous place hangs my photograph, the one taken by Marks, the meteorologist, in 1876, and it seems to be something thought of. All my old friends, including the Governor, were very pleased to see me, more especially as this time I had brought my vessel right up to the city.



UNIVERSITY OF TOMSK.

Having discharged our balance of cargo and moored the vessel in her winter quarters, and leaving part of the crew to look after her, we started on the 1st of December for Kraskniorarsk. On the way we visited the great gold mines, travelling some 300 miles, and occupying seven days. The sight on arriving was wonderful—indeed, as we came along we passed over miles of ground where ore was cropping out of the earth at our feet. The system of washing and getting the gold is of the most primitive kind, and consequently there is much waste. The machinery is mostly of wood, wooden cog-wheels, &c. The owner of these mines asked us to go and see them with a view of finding out what machinery might be brought out if we came next year. We arrived at Kraskniorarsk on the 12th, and were thoroughly welcomed and most hospitably treated, and indeed overwhelmed with invitations. To-day being Christmas Day, I had ordered a good dinner for our men, and I suppose this had been told outside by the people of the hotel, for the news had spread that this was our "Prizenick" (or Christmas) "day," and we were besieged with callers to exchange congratulations and good wishes. We visited the house of some ladies who speak English and who had asked us to dinner. We found a costly and elegant house, with immense rooms, parquet floors, white marble mantelpieces with open English fireplaces, an art gallery with very valuable paintings, &c., and the furniture throughout most perfect and costly. We were welcomed in the reception-room by the lady of the house—an elderly Quaker-like dame—speaking fluent English, also French. Besides ourselves there were present the sister of our hostess (married to a surgeon, and who lives close by), the third sister, and their brother, with his wife and daughter, making a very agreeable party. We sat down to a thoroughly good English dinner, consisting of soup Jullien, fish sterlit, beef, partridges, ptarmigan, blanc-mange, and ices, with splendid grapes and apples from the Crimea. I sat by our hostess and had a pleasant conversation on many topics. My abstaining from wine was a surprise, and led to some talk on the subject of temperance, and it was readily admitted that there was a great need of some reform in this regard.

As all the family have been great travellers (having been through all parts of Siberia, the Caucasus, Odessa, Danube, Cairo, Constantinople, France, America, and the youngest lady to England), we had no lack of interesting subjects to talk about, and the time passed most agreeably, but unfortunately we were obliged to leave early owing to business

engagements, so we missed the reception about to commence. This we much regretted, as a party of children were about to rehearse a little play which was to be one of their Christmas festivities. On New Year's Eve we went by invitation to the doctor's, and who had intimated to us we were to partake of "ploom poodine." At 10 P.M. we had tea, at midnight we tried some singing, and then, shaking hands all round as the Old Year stole away, expressed our good wishes to each other, not forgetting to send silent salutations to absent ones who were far away, and who were kindly mentioned by our hospitable entertainers. Dinner followed in true English style, and the "ploom poodine," which was very good, had a slice cut out for the "Captain" before being baptised with fire. Nothing stronger than fresh milk, soda water, and other effervescing drinks were provided, this being the first teetotal banquet ever served in this house—an unexpected compliment paid me, and which I highly appreciated. We walked back to our hotel by moonlight, having dismissed our sledge, being accompanied to the door by our kind host, who bade us adieu at 2.30 A.M.

Having now given you some account of the hospitality we received in this isolated and almost unknown region, you would probably like to have some description of this city of Kraskniorarsk, which we are now about leaving. It lies close by the River Yenisei, on its western shore, and the principal part of the town commands a very fine view of the hills and mountains on the eastern side, although the river itself cannot be seen. The appearance of these hills and mountains must be very beautiful in summer, when all is green and gay with tree and shrub and with flowers in profusion. The town itself lies in a kind of basin, with high hills all around, which are of vivid red sand—hence the name "Red Town." There are many beautifully laid out gardens, the walks being now used as toboggan slides, &c. The streets are very wide, and some of the houses of great size, two handsome structures particularly, standing opposite to each other, and belonging to two brothers. They are well built of red brick, and one of them looks very fine at night, being lighted inside and out with electric light. There is a college and free schools, both standing in spacious grounds of their own. Of course there are many large wooden houses, and some smaller and poorer ones; but these add to the picturesque effect and do not offend the eye. The cathedral is a great ornament to the town: it has a lofty dome, and is very handsome both internally and externally. There are also many fine churches, all standing in large spaces of ground, so they are well seen. The market-place is opposite the cathedral, and the bank and Government buildings are very fine and large structures. There is little snow here, hardly enough for sledging, and a great difference between this and Yeniseisk for cold, although here it is cold enough, though warm compared with most towns in the same latitude, the thermometer on some occasions registering 20 degrees below zero during our stay, and that is not so bad. We had daylight on the shortest day from 7.30 A.M. to 6 P.M., bright sunny days and moonlight nights, and one cannot tell which is most beautiful, the bright sunshine or the silvery moon. We left Kraskniorarsk on the 3rd January, arriving at Tomsk on the 6th, having made three days' journey over very bad roads. The caravans of sledges are now wending their way with produce and goods of all kinds to the various markets and fairs, so that the roads are worn into large holes and dykes, and our trotting post horses take you into them with a violent jerk that is excruciating to those even who are used to sledging. We have visited the Governor, who was very friendly and anxious we should bring a vessel to the Obi this year. We were invited to inspect the University, given to the town by a wealthy merchant. It is a large building, standing in grounds of some extent; has botanical gardens, conservatories, &c., and contains a library of 60,000 volumes, lecture-hall, and apartments for the professors, the whole being elaborately furnished.

Here his voyage and overland journey through Siberia practically finished, and, travelling viâ Moscow, Libau, and Leith, he arrived home in February last.

From my very long acquaintance with Captain Wiggins, I can only repeat that he possesses indomitable pluck, patience, perseverance, and energy, is kind, humane, and esteemed by his men, is a total abstainer, and a God-fearing man; and I am sure Sir Robert Morier's son, who is now with him on his voyage in the *Labrador*, will endorse all I say.

Monument House, E.C., September 1. WM. BYFORD.

*THE FUNCTION OF DETECTIVE STORIES.**

THE report which attributes to Prince Bismarck a predilection for the novels of Gaboriau may possibly be untrue but is at any rate highly plausible. A well-told detective story is, to some minds, the most restful form of literature. It absorbs the attention without straining the intellect, touching the emotions, or appealing to æsthetic susceptibilities. A poem, an essay, a novel of character or of passion, even a picture or a piece of music—none of these things can be enjoyed without a certain effort. We must either judge or feel, either critically approve or emotionally respond; and in many cases, of course, full enjoyment presupposes a combination of critical and emotional activity. As a relief from the serious solicitudes of life these forms of enjoyment are no doubt extremely pleasant and beneficent; but they constitute a change of exertion, not absolute rest. Under the spell of a detective story, on the other hand, "the great fly-wheels of the intelligence revolve idly, grinding no grist." We are enabled to forget our worries, whether they be the caprices of emperors, the tyranny of Editors, the importunacy of duns, or the sins of servant-girls. Our æsthetic faculties are kept in total abeyance. The only emotion aroused is a vague curiosity, or rather a series of vague curiosities, which are generally satisfied almost as soon as they have arisen. Even the central mystery of the plot does not really bother us, for we know that we have only to read on to find it all unravelled. The ideal detective story is not sensational like "Called Back" or "The New Arabian Nights." These are intended to horrify us, to make our blood run cold, which is not a restful process. In the detective story, the crime and its circumstances are not treated picturesquely, or weirdly, or grimly. They are, to the narrator, ordinary matters of fact, or rather of business. He is calmly enunciating the problem for solution—that is all. Mr. Stevenson's fantasies, we may add, are not only too sensational but too literary to rank among detective stories properly so called. The writer's style obtrudes itself upon the reader. It calls for a distinct effort of æsthetic judgment, resulting in approval or disapproval as the case may be. In order to possess its true narcotic quality, the detective story should be fluently written, but no more. It should not shock us by too great slovenliness, but still less should it surprise us by unusual force and grace. In the five minutes' interval between closing the book and forgetting it, we should say to ourselves "That's a good story," or "A first-rate story," or "An A 1 story," according to our mood and our vocabulary; if any more particular or exhaustive criticism suggests itself, the book is not a perfect specimen of its class.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's extracts "from the diary of Inspector Byrnes" approach the ideal type of the detective story. They fix our attention without for a moment disturbing our equanimity. Their French prototypes are apt to be too ingenious. They "intrigue" us. We see no possible way out of the maze. In reading Mr. Hawthorne's tales, on the other hand, we have not the slightest difficulty in believing that the clew is close at hand, and that, in his own good time, the author will seize and follow it up. Moreover, they are just of the length to be read at a single sitting. Detective stories are not things to be sipped at and lingered over; they must be swallowed at one great gulp. To the true devotee of this intellectual narcotic, the words "to be continued in our next" are a formula of horror, even though "our next" should mean next morning. The moment the narration ceases our mind is left free to feel the irritation of the mystery, which begins to rankle like a nail in the brain. It is as though a surgical patient should awaken from the chloroform swoon with the operation half completed. If you have a good light and a tolerably rapid eye, you can absorb one of Mr. Hawthorne's stories between London and York, another between York and Newcastle, and the third between Newcastle and Edinburgh. They are the very things for railway reading, in two senses. You shall begin with "An American Penman," the poorest of the three, go on with "A Tragic Mystery," and finish up with "The Fatal Letter," which is distinctly the ablest. It must be admitted that, according to Mr. Hawthorne's account, the American Criminal Investigation Department does not seem to be very much ahead of our own in the matter of insight and efficiency. In the first of these tales Inspector Byrnes, who is always spoken of, with bated breath, as a person of preternatural astuteness, confides a delicate mission to a young amateur, who manages to bungle it with inconceivable ineptitude. In the second, "A Tragic Mystery," the neglect of the police to search the pawnshops for the silver cigarette-case is perfectly incomprehensible. It is most probable, indeed, that the cigarette-case has gone to the melting-pot, but the detective who fails to verify this assumption (which eventually proves to be unfounded) is clearly unfit for his trade. If such a tale called for criticism from the strictly artistic point of view, we should say that the "Mystery" is founded upon a most improbable series of coincidences, that the simultaneous pawning of the two 32. calibre revolvers is needless and incredible, and that Colonel Desmond must have been mad indeed to pawn the cigarette-case in the name of Louis Hanier, whose murder was the topic of the day in all the newspapers. As a piece of logical and consistent mystery-weaving "The Fatal Letter" is far ahead of its companions. It works up to a really dramatic close, and the character of Kitty Clive is something more than the mere story-teller's puppet. It should be added that Mr. Hawthorne's style, though not obtrusively good (that, as we have said, would be a demerit), is easy, vigorous and graphic. It has at least enough literary merit to make it far pleasanter reading than slipshod translations from the French.

* "An American Penman." By Julian Hawthorne.
"A Tragic Mystery." By Julian Hawthorne.
"Section 558; or, The Fatal Letter." By Julian Hawthorne. (London: Cassell and Co.)

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.—"Should you oblige me," writes Mr. Greville Walpole, from 50, Macfarlane-road, W., "by inserting this letter to-morrow morning (Saturday), it will appear on the centenary of the birthday of Theodore Edward Hook. His grave lies immediately beneath the chancel window of Fulham Church, marked only by a plain, upright stone, which simply records his name, age, and date of decease. Many of those who have found amusement in his novels, recently republished in a cheap form, would, doubtless, be willing to subscribe a small sum to provide a more fitting memorial of Theodore Hook's last resting-place. Perhaps the churchwardens would kindly consent to receive subscriptions."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

The sad death of Mr. Jameson, following so closely upon the assassination of Major Barttelot, and upon the other recent news from the Aruwimi district, should surely put an end to any more "relief expeditions"—at any rate until something certain reaches us from either Emin or Stanley. So far as one can conjecture, Emin is in no need to be relieved at all; and as for Stanley, the argument that is used to suggest his failure makes equally for his success. If he had surmounted his difficulties, we are told, news of him must have reached us. But why not also if he had succumbed? A man like Stanley, with a force such as he had, does not disappear from the face of the earth, even in Africa, without tidings of him being forthcoming. Whether any fresh "Stanley relief expedition" is necessary is therefore doubtful. That it would be successful is—in view of Tippoo Tib's recent attitude—highly improbable. The only things certain are the loss of English lives, and the impetus to native cruelty, that would mark its track.

As for the former item in the account, there is a passage in Professor Drummond's book which is worth reading in connection with the loss of so valuable a life as that which has been thrown away in the person of Mr. Jameson:—

> The really appalling mortality of Europeans is a fact with which all who have any idea of casting in their lot with Africa should seriously reckon. None but those who have been on the spot, or have followed closely the inner history of African exploration and missionary work, can appreciate the gravity of the situation. The malaria spares no man; the strong fall as the weak; no number of precautions can provide against it; no kind of care can do more than make the attacks less frequent; no prediction can be made beforehand as to which regions are haunted by it, and which are safe. It is not the least ghastly feature of this invisible plague that the only known scientific test for it at present is a human life. That test has been applied in the Congo region already with a recklessness which the sober judgment can only characterise as criminal. And science has a duty in pointing out that no devotion or enthusiasm can give any man a charmed life, and that those who work for the highest ends will best attain them in humble obedience to the common laws. Transcendentally, this may be denied; the warning finger may be despised as the hand of the coward and the profane. But the fact remains—the fact of an awful chain of English graves stretching across Africa.

The *Times* does itself injustice in allowing it to be said this morning that the ugly stories from the Congo come from an official "who, I expect, has never been further than Stanley Pool." If this were the case, the press would certainly have done wrong to publish them. But as a matter of fact the ugliest stories of all were those which the *Times* published on Thursday from Mr. Graham Wilmot-Brooke; and Mr. Brooke so far from "having never been further than Stanley Pool," had just returned to that place from the Upper Congo and Mobangi River. Yet the *Times* gives prominence this morning to an anonymous letter declaring the said stories to be "scurrilous inventions" and to deserve nothing but "silent contempt." It really should not allow itself and its correspondents to be traduced in this way.

Sentences of Draconian severity have been occasionally passed by judges in this country, but it would be difficult to find a parallel to the one recently imposed by a young Queensland judge, which has brought about the constitutional crisis in that colony mentioned in late Australian cable messages. Judge Noel, sitting at Townsville, the chief city of Northern Queensland, actually ordered an unfortunate man three years' imprisonment for stealing two pairs of boots. The public opinion of the place was naturally outraged by a sentence so violently disproportionate to the nature of the offence, and the residents petitioned the Government for the man's release under the provisions of the First Offenders' Protection Act. The Government after a full inquiry into the facts, resolved to recommend the Governor (Sir Anthony Musgrave) to grant the prayer of the petition. But this advice Sir Anthony declined to adopt on the ground that the recommendation had not been endorsed by the judge who had tried the case. Thus began the conflict between Governor and Government which has been raging for the past five weeks, and which has now ceased by Sir Henry Holland ordering the Governor to release the prisoner.

The moral of the incident for our colonial friends is plainly the unwisdom of entrusting judicial powers to the young and inexperienced. Judge Noel, who inflicted this atrocious sentence, is probably the youngest judge in the world. He is said to be only thirty-six years of age. He is the grandson of a late distinguished English clergyman, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel. His father, the late Wriothesley Baptist Noel, was for many years the judge of the Court of Insolvency in Melbourne, and the father's reputation was a potent lever in lifting the son to the judgment-seat at an age when most barristers are still wearily waiting in the crowded ranks of the briefless juniors. The rash experiment has been distinctly unhappy in its results.

Preachers in want of a theme for to-morrow (and to judge from the *Daily Telegraph's* new "failure" correspondence there must be many such) might usefully turn to the Emperor Frederick's diary, from which we give some further extracts in another column. Politically, the interest of the diary centres in the large part—never before suspected—which the then Crown Prince played in the making of the German Empire. But personally the interest of it lies in the late Emperor's buoyant hopes for the future. "Confidence in my future" is one of his phrases. His own hopes, and the confidence of others, received the answer that we know. But the preacher in drawing his illustration of the uncertainty of human fortunes will be able to point his moral also to the certainty of human duty. Not even a Crown Prince can command the future of his aspirations; but the diary shows with what steady resolution the Crown Prince set himself to deserve it.

The last number of the *Universal Review* had an article by Mr. George Moore on "Mammon Worship." Thereon Mr. St. John-Brenon writes to the papers to say that Mr. Moore stole the title from him. It was the title, or one of the titles, of a book which he has in MS., and he proceeds to add that "such an act as this which Mr. George Moore has committed is euphemistically called plagiarism; but, if it were a sixpenny book, taken surreptitiously off the stand of a bookseller, it would be called by a less pleasing epithet." To this Mr. Moore retorts this morning that he certainly adopted the title of the book for the title of his article; why not? To which we may naturally echo, why not indeed? But not satisfied with pointing out that this would do the book no harm, Mr. Moore proceeds to claim Mr. Brenon's gratitude for advertising the name and "familiarizing the public with the idea." Then the editor of the *Review*, Mr. Harry Quilter (who also, it appears, has something to advertise and "familiarize the public with"), also cuts in with a letter in which he divulges that "Mr. St. John-Brenon has been aware for some weeks that the article in question was to appear under the above title, and that at no time during that period did he object to its so doing, or inform me that he considered the name was in any degree his property."

And Mr. Moore adds a finishing blow by whispering that the way he came to know of the title was by publisher-begging for poor Mr. Brenon with the MS., and adds that he "is, I should say was—a friend of mine. . . . I tried to do him a service by taking his book to my publishers; I *did* him a service by using his title in the *Universal Review*, and in return," &c., &c. All which makes a very pretty squabble, with the net result that a good many names are advertised and "familiarized to the public."

Miss Edith Woodworth, "by special request," made a distinct step forward as Frou-Frou at the Globe last night. Miss Woodworth makes an excellent Gilberte. She managed the transitions from the mood of Frou-Frou to the mood of Gilberte always naturally, often with great power. The scene in which the frivolous wife awakes to her danger, parts with Valreas, tries in vain to make her husband believe in her new earnestness, and finally turns on her sister with jealous reproaches, culminating in despair and flight, was by far the strongest, and the audience responded to it with no doubtful sympathy. Of the other characters, Mr. A. Elwood as the husband acted with great dignity and feeling; but none were bad, and "Frou-Frou" at the Globe was a success.

An Austrian journalist has lately been publishing some amusing examples of the work of the Press Censor at Vienna. It once occurred to this puissant personage to decree that wherever the word "God" occurred in a play it should be changed into "Heaven." The result was that the Court Theatre was one night thrilled with the following lines:—

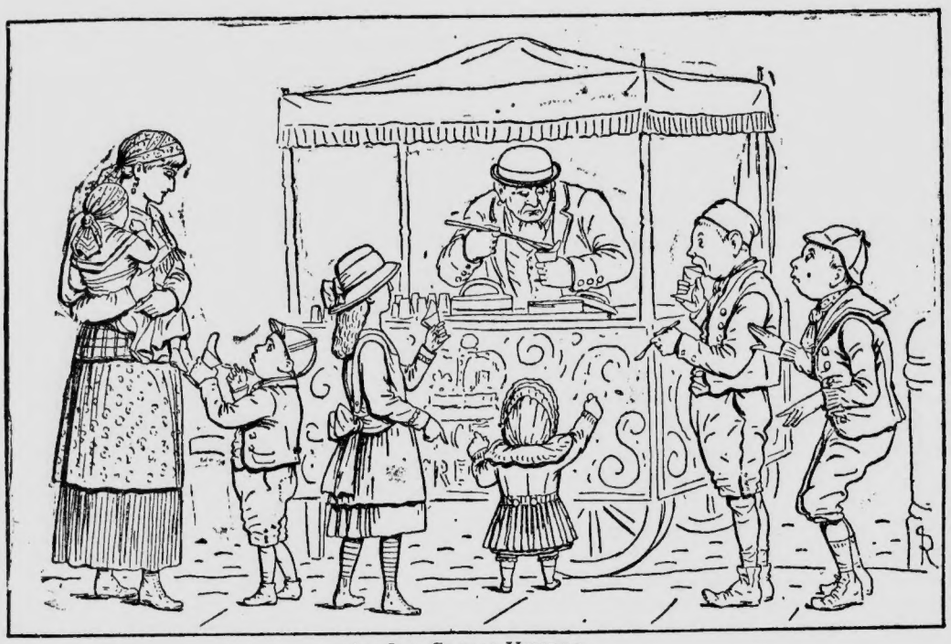
> Treibe nicht mit Heil'gem Spott
> Und bedenk', es lebt—ein *Himmel!*

On another occasion he revised the relationship of the principal characters in Schiller's "Räuber," and determined that the paternal Moor should be transformed into an uncle, on the ground that Franz Moor's treatment of his parent was "scandalously illegal." Political reasons once rendered it undesirable that the press should refer to Cologne. An unlucky novelist who had selected that city as the scene of a story received his proofs back from the Censor with "Köln-am-Rhein" changed everywhere into "Nürnberg-*am-Rhein*." When Frederick the Great granted liberty to the press in his dominions, "because it amused him," he could not have had any suspicion of the fun to be extracted from a thoroughpaced censorship.

THE ICE CREAM COLONY.

THE SECRETS OF A MYSTERIOUS COMPOUND.

THE late Carlo Gatti was the first to introduce the "penny ice into the streets of London. Very soon he found an enormous demand for the same, during the summer months; and, astute man as he was, he quickly imported many of his fellow countrymen for the purpose of assisting him in his enterprise. At that time, five-and-twenty or thirty years back, not a single Italian was to be found either in Saffron-hill, Eyre-street-hill (now called Bath-street), Back-hill, or Warner-street. Why the frugal, light-hearted Italian and Swiss should select such uninviting localities as the before-mentioned in preference to any other place in London is a mystery I have long vainly endeavoured to solve; yet, nevertheless, they have selected the before-mentioned dingy thoroughfares, abounding in still dingier slums, as a fit and proper place for the establishment of a colony of their own. Here may be seen handsome and picturesque foreigners of both sexes, who chiefly devote their attentions to the calling of "models." Also the organ-grinder of every grade, from the gentleman with the most costly instrument, which discourses the choicest selections from the most popular opera of the moment, to the very ragged, aged, and white-bearded old fellow with a little dirty contrivance which he supports by means of a stick underneath and a leathern belt passing round his neck, and which alternates with periods of discordant sound and most unexpected breaks of silence. But by far the greater number of the denizens of Back-hill and its vicinity give their attention to the vending of ice-cream. The organ appears to be going out, the hurdy-gurdy has seen its best days, and the dancing Swiss mountaineers with their rude pipes no longer draw in London, although they are occasionally met with in provincial towns.



AN ICE CREAM VENDOR.

THE SECRETS OF THE ICE-CREAM COMPOUND.

At half-past four or five the itinerant vendor commences his daily business. His first journey is to the provision merchant, where he obtains milk, eggs, and sugar, and almost every other requisite for his trade or living purposes; he next calls at one of the three or four ice stores in the colony, and purchases his quantity of artificial ice, brought from Shadwell, or the natural article imported from Norwegian districts, according to his choice. Ice cream, when properly made, consists of pure fresh milk, good sound eggs (if not new-laid), sugar and flavouring. The first process consists in mixing eggs, sugar, and milk together and boiling for a time, taking care to watch that the liquid does not boil over, in which case your ice-cream would be in the fire in a twinkling. This portion of the manufacturing of ice-cream takes place in the dwellings of the makers. The next process—namely, the freezing, is conducted in the open air, either in backyards of most limited proportions, or outside the door of the four-roomed tumble-down looking abode, situated in one of the slums in which ice-cream vendors live.

AN ICE CREAM FACTORY: EARLY MORNING.

AN OPEN-AIR FACTORY.

Before five one morning I ventured into a court on Eyre-street-hill. I found the place choked up with costers' barrows, placed on end, and packed as closely as possible. Gaudily-painted arrangements are placed on the ordinary dirty barrow, the former having a hole in the centre, into which the tub containing the pewter vessels is fixed. These coverings were hanging from the walls. Tubs, pails, egg-chests, old boilers, and various domestic articles were heaped about in wild confusion. So limited was the footway that I could scarcely pick my way. I saw about a dozen men crowded into a corner actively engaged in the freezing stage of ice-cream making. Old beer-barrels filled with ice, freezing salt, and with the tube-like pewter vessel thrust into the centre—these latter the makers briskly revolved, until the contents in time assumed a solid form. Much to my amazement and disgust, I was informed that the ice-cream then in process of manufacture, in that narrow slum of Eyre-street-hill, was to find its way to West-end and other shops.

UNPLEASANT NEIGHBOURS.

I penetrated other slums, the entrance to some being a narrow, low archway, with other and viler slums diverging therefrom. In some I saw ice-cream in process of manufacture within two feet distance of dust-bins, cisterns and other domestic conveniences of a far more objectionable nature, from a sanitary point of view. One factor sets his men to work in a yard a few feet square when empty. When I saw the place, the tubs, barrows, coverings for same, and ice-cream freezers were so closely packed that I was quite at a loss to see where the men could possibly stand at their employment

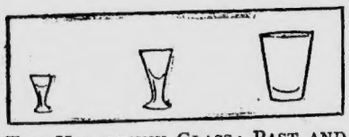
MAKING ICE CREAM ON EYRE-STREET HILL.

So far I have referred chiefly to the better class of makers—those that supply shops. The itinerant vendor who takes his stand at a street-corner in any busy part of London presents a still lower depth.

THE HALFPENNY GLASS—PAST AND PRESENT.

That ever-restless demon, Competition, is responsible, in all probability, for the two deaths of tender infants already recorded in the way of ice-cream poisoning. Time past, the halfpenny glass of ice-cream was unknown, and the

penny glass was of exceedingly small dimensions. In the words of my informant, some ill-advised vendor commenced filling the usual penny glass at a halfpenny. His rival at the other corner of the street increased the size of the glass; and so on, till in course of time the original pennyworth was not only sold at half the price, but it continued to gradually grow in bulk, and at the present moment it has assumed the size of an ordinary half-pint tumbler.



THE HALFPENNY GLASS: PAST AND PRESENT.

LITERARY NOTES, NEWS, AND ECHOES.

The Matthew Arnold Memorial Fund has now nearly reached the sum of £5,000. This amount will suffice, after providing the memorial in the Abbey, to secure to Mrs. Arnold a modest competence; but it will hardly leave much balance, I fear, for the proposed Matthew Arnold Scholarship or Lectureship at Oxford. For the minimum amount required for this latter purpose there is a precedent in the existing "Arnold Historical Essay Fund." In 1850 the University accepted a sum of £1,800 raised by subscription in order to found an annual prize in memory of Dr. Arnold. A similar prize, in connection with literature, would very happily associate the memories of father and son. Let us hope that the public may still subscribe the requisite amount.

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Mr. Froude has just returned from a yachting tour in Norway, and is looking remarkably well after his holiday.

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"Please say as soon as you can," writes Dr. Furnivall, "that the 'possible new play by Shakspere' (referred to in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of September 18) is in reality George Chapman's 'Blind Beggar of Alexandria.' 'Irus' is the Beggar, the chief character. Mr. P. A. Daniel at once identified the play."

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The greatest interest is felt in Germany, I am told, in Sir Morell Mackenzie's book, "The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble." The German publishers have already received orders for more than twenty-five thousand copies of the translation. The translator is Dr. Samuel Schidrovitsch, and extraordinary precautions have been taken to prevent the anticipatory notices which in other cases have emanated from less discreet persons than he.

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The fact that Mr. John Morley has been spending his holidays at Grasmere is not unconnected perhaps with another fact—namely, that a new edition of Wordsworth's poems is in preparation, "with an introductory essay by John Morley."

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The "Woman's World" is henceforth to be enlarged, so is "The British Weekly." A new venture, "The Church News," is to make its appearance next week. "No party questions will be discussed in it, the object being to provide a paper equally acceptable to all sections." Will it not on those terms prove acceptable to none?

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It is said that Mr. G. A. Sala's autobiography will be published this year. Also that "The Public Life of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales" is to appear shortly from the pen of a well-known veteran *littérateur*, and under distinguished sanction. How much more interesting the "Private Life" of H.R.H. would be!

* * * * *

Do literary men like music? In France, it seems, they do not. "Generally speaking," says M. Alphonse Daudet in his "Thirty Years of Paris," "literary people have a horror of music. Gautier's opinion on 'the most disagreeable of noises' is well known; Leconte de Lisle and Banville share it. The moment a piano is opened Goncourt frowns. Zola has a vague impression that he once, in his youth, played some instrument but he no longer remembers what it was. That excellent Flaubert pretended to be a great musician, but it was only to please Tourguéneff. As for me, I love every kind of music madly—the classic, the simple, Beethoven, Gluck and Chopin, Massenet and Saint-Saëns, the *bamboula*, the *Faust* of Gounod and that of Berlioz, popular songs, barrel-organs, the tambourine, and even bells."

* * * * *

Among English men of letters, on the other hand, the music-haters would, I imagine, be in decided minority. George Eliot's face was only known to the public from her regular attendance at the Monday "Pops." Carlyle was not so catholic as Daudet, for he had strong objections to barrel-organs; but at least, he declared, "the most disagreeable of noise" to be the "speech of angels." Browning, if he had not been a poet, would have been a musician, and as it is he has written the best poems on music in the language. Ruskin, though as much of a purist in the matter as Plato, is passionately fond of some sorts of music, and agrees with Daudet, by the way, in liking bells. Swinburne must surely be musical, though probably he prefers (as some one has said) "the brass band to the flute or the organ." Rossetti found music "cool unto the sense of pain." As for the barrel-organ, Calverley has celebrated the

> Grinder, who serenely grindest
> At my door the Hundredth Psalm,

but the lines can hardly be claimed, I fear, for a sincere adhesion to the catholic doctrine preached by M. Daudet.

X. Y. Z.

At Home and Abroad.

The Government of the United States has received an official notification that China has refused to ratify the amended Immigration Treaty with the United States.

Advices received at New York from Yucatan state that the Island of Pollax, on the coast of that Republic, disappeared during the recent cyclone in that region.

The King of Greece has arrived in Berlin, and is the guest of the Empress Frederick at Friedrichskron. His Majesty will leave for Vienna in a day or two, accompanied by his son the Crown Prince.

The appointment of M. Juvara to the post of Roumanian Agent at Sofia is a step towards the recognition of Prince Ferdinand by King Charles.

The death is announced of William Warren, the well-known American comedian.

At the Lambeth police-court yesterday Arthur Benson was sentenced to a month's hard labour for having kissed young girls in the street.

Recent disquieting rumours as to disturbances on the frontier between Algeria and Morocco are stated to have had no further foundation than the depredations of a band of robbers.

Count Albin Csaky has been appointed Hungarian Minister of Worship and Public Instruction, in succession to the late M. Tréfort. He is forty-seven years old, and is Vice-President of the Hungarian House of Lords.

Henry Piman, an American "clergyman," from Baltimore, was charged at the Mansion House yesterday with taking an umbrella from the Civil Service Supply Stores, and the Lord Mayor remanded him for inquiries.

The action for damages commenced against Egypt by the Greeks expelled from Massowah has been suspended, pending the diplomatic efforts made by France, who supports the Greek claims, respecting the Capitulations.

Two labourers, named George Wade and James Ellis, were each fined £5 and costs at the Epping petty sessions yesterday, for hunting and chasing deer in Epping Forest.

The *Riforma* gives a formal denial to the statement, published by some foreign newspapers, to the effect that Zula had been abandoned by the Italian commander at Massowah. The journal also denies the existence of a project for the renewed mediation of Great Britain between Italy and Abyssinia.

A meeting of the Inverness town council was held last night to consider a proposal to present the freedom of the burgh to the Marquis of Hartington. After some discussion a resolution to present the freedom of the burgh to Lord Hartington on October 3 was unanimously agreed to.

At Southwark Emma Price was charged with stealing a purse belonging to a companion working in the same room at a jam factory. Mr. Sheil sentenced the prisoner to three months' hard labour, commenting severely upon the meanness of the offence.

George Muspratt, living in Tower Hamlets-road, Forest-gate, was yesterday charged at the West Ham police-court with assaulting three of his children, aged respectively nine, ten, and eleven years. The accused, who made no answer to the charge, was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

The entrance caisson at the new Milford Docks has been successfully removed, and vessels can now enter. The certificate of the Board of Trade necessary to enable the dock company to commence business was received on the 15th inst.

Yesterday two miners employed at the Pochin Collieries were engaged cutting coal when they were suddenly embedded by a fall of roof. When extricated the bodies were terribly mutilated and life was extinct. According to custom, all the miners left work immediately and returned to the surface.

An order has been received by the Thames Iron Works and Shipbuilding Company from the Admiralty, for the construction of a fast cruiser, to be named the *Blenheim*. This cruiser will be 375 ft. long, 65 ft. beam, and 9,000 tons displacement. She is to be fitted with triple expansion twin screw engines, of 20,000 indicated horse power, for a speed of 22 knots.

At the Sunderland police-court, yesterday afternoon, a girl named Uide was charged with drunkenness. When placed in the dock she wept bitterly, and in broken English endeavoured to explain that she was a native of Bombay, and had been married at the age of thirteen to a soldier, who had brought her to England, and had died, leaving her at the mercy of the world.

The *Etoile Belge* publishes the following:—"We learn, from an excellent source, that the taking over by the State of the lines worked by the North Eastern Railway Company has been decided on in principle. Proposals to that effect will be submitted to the Legislature on the meeting of the Chambers, and the Government will demand urgency for them."

In broad daylight yesterday, and during the absence of the caretaker, the residence of Mr. L. R. Wheeler, Glenavon, Barnes, which stands in a main road, was entered by housebreakers, and over £100 worth of jewellery, plate, and other valuables was stolen. A dog which had been left on the premises had been seized and locked in the bath room.

Some commotion has been created among the Palace officials at Constantinople by the murder of a black eunuch by one of his fellows, after a violent quarrel. Some disturbances among the inferior servants at the Imperial residence, arising from dissatisfaction at the neglect to pay their wages, have been much discussed of late.

A return of the cases in the Irish Court of Bankruptcy from January 1, 1880, to December 31, 1887, shows a smaller number of adjudications—namely, 204—than in any of the previous seven years, except 1882 and 1884, when the numbers were 199 and 188, and a smaller number of arrangements and compositions after bankruptcy than in most of the preceding years.

All close and loving observers of Nature will regret to hear that the grave of Gilbert White, of Selborne, is in a sad condition, owing to long neglect. Fortunately, the mischief can soon be repaired at a very small cost, and we feel sure that whatever sum is needed to restore and beautify his sepulchre will quickly be forthcoming.

Although nothing is known yet about the result of the meeting between Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky, it is considered certain in St. Petersburg that the Bulgarian question did not form the principal subject of the conversation between the statesmen. It is supposed that Kalnoky has been advised by Bismarck to use his influence to obtain a reconciliation between King Milan and Queen Nathalie.

Captain Hammond reports that on the 12th inst., while on a voyage to Venice, he noticed that the volcano Stromboli was in a state of eruption. Ordinarily nothing but thin vapour is observed to proceed from the mountain, but on this occasion a huge flame eclipsed the stars. The deck of the steamer was covered with dust, and the steamer itself was enveloped in dusty cloud for a distance of ten miles.

THE STANLEY EXPEDITION.

DEATH OF MR. JAMESON.

ANOTHER EXPEDITION OUT OF THE QUESTION.

As we announced in our Special Edition last evening, Mr. Jameson, chief of the vanguard of Major Barttelot's expedition for the relief of Stanley, died of fever at Bangala Station (Congo State) on the 17th of last month. The news was contained in a telegram received by the Governor of the Congo Free State, and in another message telegraphed from the Congo yesterday by Mr. Ward, who states that Mr. Jameson was on his way to Bangala "to consult." Mr. Jameson was a son of a member of the well-known firm of Dublin distillers of that name. He was so eager to join Mr. Stanley's expedition, to which he was attached as naturalist, that he contributed a large sum (£15,000, it is said) towards the expenses. He had travelled much in South Africa as a sportsman. His collection of heads and skins formed a conspicuous feature of one of the recent exhibitions at South Kensington. In his last report, just prior to starting from the Aruwimi camp, Major Barttelot wrote:—"Before I close I would wish to add that the services of Mr. J. S. Jameson have been, are, and will be invaluable to me. Never during his period of service with me have I had one word of complaint from him. His alacrity, capacity, and willingness to work are unbounded, while his cheeriness and kindly disposition have endeared him to all." The news of his death was received with much regret in Dublin, where he was well known as an enthusiast in scientific pursuits—botany being one of his favourite studies.

FURTHER EXPEDITIONS USELESS.

Referring to the death of Mr. Jameson, the *Standard* says:—

"There never was a very sanguine prospect, with the news of Monday before us, that the party which Major Barttelot had got together, after so many delays and with such difficulty, would have been reorganized in time to be of any use. But the death of Mr. Jameson puts an end to any lingering belief that Mr. Stanley is not to be left to himself, if he is still alive. It is impossible not to recall the many warnings which were uttered two years ago, when the Congo route was chosen, in preference to the East Coast ones, for the relief of Emin Pasha. Emin himself, when he heard of Mr. Stanley's resolve, expressed a doubt, founded on hard-earned experience, whether he would find the line he had resolved to take so practicable as he had declared it to be. These forebodings have been only too well founded. For, even admitting that Mr. Stanley is safe, it is quite certain that he has been delayed far beyond the time which he expected to take. When he left the Yambuga Camp, his belief was that he would be in Wadelai in time to eat his Christmas dinner with Emin Pasha. But it is now more than a year since any kind of intelligence has been obtained regarding him, unless, indeed, the rumour of his death is to be accepted."

The *Times* takes the same view as to the uselessness of another expedition:—"So far as our information goes, the only white man belonging to the expedition now left in the Aruwimi is Mr. Bonny, the surgeon. He may feel it to be his duty to endeavour to reorganize the party, and attempt to follow up Mr. Stanley. This, however, is highly improbable, and should Mr. Bonny return home, or simply await instructions at one of the Congo stations, no one can blame him. After the terrible disasters to which the expedition has been subjected, the demoralization of the whole population in the Upper Congo, the bad faith which we are compelled to believe Tippoo Tib has shown, the want of resources, and of a strong and determined leader, we can see no other course open but to abandon all attempt to support Mr. Stanley from the Congo."

NEWS OF TIPPOO TIB'S TREACHERY.

The *Times* says that news has been received in this country from the Congo which strengthens the belief that the failure of Major Barttelot's expedition was due to the treachery of Tippoo Tib. There seems to be little doubt that Mr. Jameson made every effort to induce Tippoo to assist him in forming another expedition, and that he failed completely. It is assumed that Mr. Jameson at length decided to return to the coast in order to report to headquarters, and that he was seized with his fatal illness while journeying down the Congo.

THE REPORTS ABOUT THE DECEASED.

Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts has written a letter to the papers, evidently before the news of Mr. Jameson's death arrived, in which he hopes "that, in common justice to the late Major Barttelot and to Mr. Jameson, all judgment as to their action should be withheld until we receive the latter's full report; and I would venture to warn your readers against the stories which the Syrian interpreter, Assad Farran referred to in the accompanying telegram as well as in Major Barttelot's despatch, has scattered broadcast on his journey down the Congo. The following telegram, adds the writer, was received a few days back by Mrs. Jameson:—"All reports about me emanating from Assad Farran, a dismissed interpreter, false. If made public, stop them. Sending necessary papers."

LET THE NEW COMPANY TRY.

The one question for consideration at present, says the *Times*, is, What is to be done next? It appears to us, as we have said already, that taking into consideration the whole position, no support can be sent to Mr. Stanley from the Congo as a base. Would it not be possible to do something from the east coast, through that section of territory which is now British? So many of the members of the British East Africa Company are members of the Emin Relief Committee that, although the two enterprises are quite distinct, the company may feel it to be their duty to make an effort to reach Emin. Our Government can do nothing; the Congo Free State is helpless. while the position on the Aruwimi seems hopeless. The responsibility of taking the next step devolves on the Relief Committee, who might very fairly combine the interests of the British East Africa Company with the accomplishment of the object for which money was so freely subscribed—the relief of Emin Pasha, and, as far as practicable, the rescue of Mr. Stanley, if rescue he requires.

THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS (Morocco), Northern Africa.—Mr. Harold Crichton-Browne, in a letter from the Atlas Mountains, says:—"The Kaid of Demnet treated us so well that we desired, on leaving, to make him some acknowledgment, and presented him with a box of Huntley and Palmer's Biscuits and a Bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' with which he was much pleased." CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see that the Capsule is marked Eno's "Fruit Salt." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, POMEROY-STREET, LONDON, S.E. Railway.—J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S DIARY.

A SENSATION IN BERLIN.

The publication of the Emperor Frederick's diary absorbs everybody's interest in Berlin. It is significant that the *Kreuz Zeitung* and the *North German Gazette* do not criticise it, and they do not even mention it. The other papers all publish long abstracts, but they are evidently so much astonished at its contents that they do not yet venture to make any comments. The *National Zeitung* cannot, however, help giving signs of uneasiness. It complains of the indiscretion of the anonymous editor of these memoirs, which, it says, were evidently not intended by the late Monarch to come before the public. In Vienna the publication of the journal has been received as a great event. The *Neue Freie Presse* says that if the deceased Emperor had written nothing but the words about his chief thought being for peace, after the conquest, that they might complete the Liberal edifice of Germany, he would have sufficiently proved of what value his life was to the German Empire. All the Vienna papers speak in admiring terms of him as a bright star which was prematurely extinguished. Moreover the opinion is frequently expressed that these extracts from the Diary quite exculpate Sir M. Mackenzie and the Empress Victoria with regard to their action during the last days of the illustrious patient, especially the denial that the malady was cancer.

A STORY OF SAN REMO.

In passing through San Remo after the departure of Frederick III. (says the Paris correspondent of the *Times*) I heard there the following statement from one of the actors in the incident referred to:—

The day after the departure of the Emperor, M. and Mdme. Zirio, the proprietors of the villa he had occupied, entered his rooms to view the state in which they had been left. On opening the last drawer of a desk placed in the room of the Emperor they found two large volumes locked up. A sheet of paper which hung from these volumes showed that they were the "Tagebuch" of the illustrious sufferer. M. Zirio and his wife at once informed Count Radolinski of their discovery. A telegram was received at once in reply, requesting them to carefully preserve this precious deposit, and announcing that a courier would be sent from Berlin to fetch it. On this incident a number of improbable statements have been based. Among these is the story that the Empress Victoria was detained as a State prisoner because she had not given up the diary of Frederick III. to be placed among the public archives. Now, it appears that these famous documents, which I believe to be inoffensive enough, are to be published.

PRINCE BISMARCK AT HOME.

M. Perivier, of the *Figaro*, has been paying a visit to Friedrichsruhe, and accident made him an eye-witness of the meeting between Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky. He says:—

Close by the station stands a little country inn, which is much frequented by people from Hamburg and more distant places, anxious to catch a glimpse of the Chancellor. I had barely taken a seat at this inn, when mine host said, "If you want to see Prince Bismarck, make haste and go to the station; he is going there to meet Count Kalnoky." I had just reached the unpretending little station when the Chancellor drove up in a small open carriage, drawn by two horses. Two huge black Danish hounds careered in the dust alongside. The Chancellor alighted with a very brisk and springy step for an old man of seventy-three. He went up to the station-master, and shook hands with him, raised his hat to the few people present, and stood leaning against one of the cast-iron pillars supporting the verandah. I thus had an opportunity of having a good look at him.

The Bismarck now before me was very different from the Bismarck I used to see in Berlin six or seven years ago, before Dr. Schweninger took him in hand. The Bismarck of to-day is thin and bony, and the doctor has, it is well known, disencumbered him of his unhealthy fat merely by preventing his drinking with his meals. He is looking remarkably well, his gait is swift and automatic, but denotes real vigour; his complexion is clear, and almost pink, no doubt the result of the health-laden breezes from the German Ocean and the Baltic. I remark also that the features are softened down: you scan them in vain to discover that harshness, not to say ferocity, which are so appparent in his photographs. It may, however, be due to the fact of his being in civilian garb. His soft felt hat, very much the worse for wear, his long grey coat, and heavy stick, give him the aspect of a plain country gentleman come to the station to meet a friend. When he dons his uniform he is another man, and looks the surly trooper all over. The country folk have repeatedly noticed this difference. The Chancellor's healthy appearance is not deceptive. All the people in whose midst he lives tell me that his health is better than it has been for years past; and a proof of this is that this year it has not been found necessary to send him to Kissingen.

MORE FIGHTING AT SUAKIM.

A *Times* telegram from Suakim says:—The rebel position has been greatly enlarged and strengthened, and it is estimated that the Arabs in the earthworks number 800, with 100 cavalry, supported by a considerable force in the bush and by reserves at Hasheen and Handoub. A heavy fire is maintained on the water forts, and several natives have been wounded in the town. This (Friday) morning the mounted infantry under Major Judge made a reconnaissance on the right flank of the enemy, and the rebels then opened a sharp fire, wounding three of them. Thereupon her Majesty's ship *Gannet* and the forts opened a heavy fire on the bush. The water supply of the town from the wells is cut off by the fire of the enemy, and the Government condensers, one of which has broken down, are only sufficient to supply water for the troops. The garrison is a very weak one, considering the determined and harassing attitude of the enemy.

A BRITISH RECONNAISSANCE IN SIKKIM.

A reconnaissance in force was made yesterday from Gnatong under the command of Major Keith. The force, which was supported by two guns, succeeded in driving the Tibetans from the mouth of the Jelapla Pass. It was discovered that the enemy possess twelve guns. The Tibetan loss in the encounter is estimated at twenty men. There were no casualties on the side of the British.

THE "BEAUTY SHOW" AT SPA.

The so-called Beauty Show at Spa has been an entire failure. It had been announced that nearly four hundred ladies had applied for admission to the *concours*. As a matter of fact, there were present on the opening day (Tuesday), ten; on Wednesday, eleven; and Thursday night, about fifteen; and few, if any, of these came from any distance, some of the spectators having the belief that the majority of them live in the town. The queen of the show is La Belle Fatma, "the Beauty of Tunis," who gives an entertainment nightly at the Casino, and whose vivacious efforts find an admirable foil in the perfect silence of the young ladies who sit around her. Mdlle. Fatma's entertainment is passable, and the Beauty Show would, no doubt, be interesting, but for the fact that no ladies with pretensions to beauty seem to have thought it worth their while to attend. The prizes will not be awarded till next week.

For FEUILLETON, see page 13.

FOURTH EDITION.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC IN AMERICA.

JACKSONVILLE, Sept. 21.—118 fresh cases of yellow fever and fourteen deaths have been registered here during the past twenty-four hours. The spread of the epidemic causes a panic to prevail at many places in the Southern States and the alarm is increasing.

FRANCE AND SPAIN.

PARIS, Sept. 22.—A semi-official contradiction is given to the report recently published in several Spanish journals that Señor Castillo, the Spanish Ambassador to France, would shortly be transferred to Rome, being replaced here by his predecessor, Señor Albareda.

THE GERMAN EXPEDITION TO RELIEVE EMIN PASHA.

It is hoped that the Emin Pasha relief expedition, for which funds are now being subscribed throughout Germany, will be organized and able to leave Zanzibar in the first half of next January. A sum of 600,000 m. is wanted for the expedition, which, headed by Dr. Peters and Lieutenant Wissman, would consist of about 500 armed men, with one thousand carriers, and would march in three columns. Several German officers will take part in it. Yesterday, at Hanover, Herr von Bennigsen, Governor of the province, presided at a numerously attended meeting in support of the expedition, and bespoke the financial aid of all true patriots. A telegram, too, was despatched to the Emperor, invoking his Majesty's countenance of the scheme. Among those who have subscribed are nearly fifty members of the German Reichstadt and the Prussian Diet.

COLLISION OFF SCARBOROUGH.

Early this morning the steamer *Vindomora* arrived at Sunderland seriously damaged. The captain reports that when off Scarborough last night during a dense fog the *Vindomora* came into collision with the steamer *Haswell* from Sunderland to London, coal-laden. The latter was badly damaged, and sunk shortly after collision. The crew were rescued by the *Vindomora*, and landed at Sunderland. The *Haswell* was a vessel of 454 tons, and was a collier trading regularly between Sunderland and London.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN AUSTRIA.

The Prince of Wales reached Vienna this morning. The Crown Prince Rudolph will return from Galicia to do the honours, in the Emperor's absence. The Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince Rudolph have (it is said) formed a sincere friendship for each other. The Crown Prince has expressed to various persons his high regard for the Prince of Wales, and makes every effort to render his visit to the country an agreeable one. Having heard that the Prince had never seen a chamois hunt, the Crown Prince has arranged one for the 27th inst. The Prince of Wales had capital sport on Wednesday near Keszthely. His Royal Highness, shooting from the shore of the Balaton Lake, bagged a hundred water fowl and wild ducks. Yesterday the Prince was no less successful in partridge and hare-shooting. The Count and Countess Festetics secured from Buda-Pesth the celebrated Berkes band, which has performed daily during dinner, and earned the Prince's warm approbation. The time at Keszthely was largely spent in drives and rides, The bear-hunting at Georgenyi, to which the English and Austrian Heirs Apparent are going next month, will be joined in by a number of Austrian, Hungarian, and Transylvanian noblemen. It is possible that the Crown Princess Stephanie, who is now in Greece, will be back in time to join the Transylvanian hunting party, and do the honours of hostess at Georgenyi Szent Ivre, her private estate.

THE TRAGEDY AT MERTON.

Yesterday the police succeeded in serving the subpœna upon Edgar Woolley, who failed to make his appearance at the Wandsworth police-court on Wednesday to prosecute James Young for shooting him at Merton. Woolley was traced to Bermondsey. He expressed his willingness to attend the court if required.

NEWFOUNDLAND HOLDS ALOOF.

The Newfoundland delegates refuse to go to Ottawa to discuss the question of Newfoundland becoming part of the Dominion. The mercantile community are almost entirely of one mind against it. The Roman Catholics are equally opposed to the proposal, and they number eighty thousand out of a total population of two hundred thousand. The Premier, Sir John Macdonald, is (according to the *Standard* correspondent) so strongly set on the project of drawing into the Dominion the only British American province not yet confederated with Canada, that, while publicly yielding to the popular, mercantile, and ecclesiastic feeling, privately he is pursuing his negotiations with the provincial officers who are in sympathy with him.

THE GOLD IN WALES.

Several discoveries of gold have been reported from Wales during the week, but the most valuable since that at Mount Morgan has just been made a Mr. Evan's gold mine at Cilcen, Flintshire. A sample has been taken from a quartz lode of great width, which on analysis by a firm of London assayers proved to contain six ounces of pure gold, and seventeen pennyweights of silver to a ton of ore.

THE POPE AND THE GERMAN CATHOLICS.

The Catholic organ *Germania* published yesterday a letter from the Pope to Herr Müller, of Goblentz, president of the recent Congress of German Catholics at Freiburg. In this communication his Holiness expresses his thanks for the resolutions adopted by the Congress in favour of the restitution of the Pope's territorial sovereignty and independence, which he declares have proved to him a comforting and much needed consolation in the midst of the afflictions and cares which fall upon him, in consequence of the wearisome and perilous conflict which the Church is compelled to carry on.

MR. GLADSTONE, LORD SELBORNE, AND OTHERS.

Mr. Gladstone writes as follows :—"I have read in the *Times* of to-day the letter of Lord Selborne's which comments on my recent statement that the proposal of May, 1882, for the release of Mr. Parnell and other suspects was, in the intention of the Cabinet, absolutely confined to persons not themselves associated with crime. I have also read the appended communications from several of our late colleagues. I will lose no time in taking the steps which are indispensable in order to enable me to support my statement in the *Nineteenth Century* by conclusive documentary evidence."

TURKISH INSULT TO THE GREEK FLAG.

Not far from Rhodes there is a group of small islands where sponge-fishing is carried on every summer, chiefly by Greeks. A few days ago Khemal Bey, the Governor of Scio, ordered the seizure of one of these vessels. The Greek flag was hauled down, and the captain made a prisoner. The sponges and tackling gear were confiscated. On learning of this act on the part of the Turkish Governor, the Greek Government telegraphed and wrote their Minister at Constantinople to obtain redress from the Turkish Government for this violation of the Greek flag. The Porte having taken no notice of the communications, the Minister of Marine sent orders last night to the arsenal at Salamis to have eleven men-of-war, large and small, equipped and got ready for sea as speedily as possible. If this fresh difficulty between the two countries is not arranged very soon, the Greek fleet will be ordered to Turkish waters, and a naval demonstration will be made among the islands where the Greek flag was insulted.

THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE M. NACHEVICS.

Bulgaria demands from Roumania the extradition of Kisseloff, who made the attempt on the Bulgarian Finance Minister. M. Nachevics, but is refused, as it would be contrary to the Roumanian laws. The Roumanian Government will, however, most thoroughly investigate the case, and punish Kisseloff according to Roumanian statute. Investigation has already placed beyond doubt that Kisseloff acted on behalf of a Revolutionary Bulgarian Committee. Such committee will pay 5,000 napoleons for the assassination of a Minister and 3,000 for that of a Prefect. Compromising papers were found in Kisseloff's lodgings at Bucharest.

CHARGE OF MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS.

A respectable-looking man, named Patrick Kelly, a seaman, thirty-six years of age, was put on his trial at the Old Bailey yesterday on the charge of wilfully murdering John Parry and John Chapman on the high seas. Mr. Poland prosecuted. From his opening statement it appeared that the prisoner had shipped on June 29 as an able seaman on board the steamer *Erin* for a voyage from Gravesend to New York. He turned out to be of morose disposition and did not get on satisfactorily with either crew or officers. The vessel had hardly got to sea when the prisoner began to use threats against other members of the crew. On the 8th of July he was aloft with one of the officers, when some conversation took place as to what was going on, when the prisoner made the most violent threats as to what he would or could do, among the rest saying, "I will make a hot-bed of this ship." During this time the deceased, Chapman, made use of some general observation which the prisoner attributed to himself. Next morning, about four o'clock, cries were heard from the forecastle, and on the officer on duty going to see the cause he found the prisoner standing over Chapman, whom he had stabbed in the breast. The deceased Parry, sleeping in the next bunk, awoke, and on asking what was the matter, he was immediately stabbed by the prisoner in the breast. Both Chapman and Parry died soon after, and were buried at sea. The prisoner was put in irons, and examined before the British Consul-General at New York, who ordered him to be sent to England to stand his trial on the charge of murder. There was no dispute as to the facts, the only question being as to the mental condition of the prisoner at the time of committing the murder. On this point the evidence was not very conclusive. The jury were five hours in deliberation, and, failing to agree, were discharged. A fresh trial is taking place to-day.

George Walsh, a shunter, had his head crushed between two of the buffers of some timber waggons at Blackburn railway station this morning.

The marriage of Mr. Hulse, M.P., to Miss Lawson will take place at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, on October 18.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans have returned to Bestwood Park, Notts, from visiting Newtown Anner, her Grace's seat in Tipperary.

Mr. John Morley has expressed his intention to deliver his presidential address to the Ipswich Reform Club on Saturday next.

Captain T. Heron has been appointed senior ordnance officer on the staff of the British troops in the Straits Settlements.

The Bishop designate of Chester has been on a short visit to Chester. He is not expected to take up his residence at Chester till early next year.

The Royal yacht *Osborne* left Portsmouth yesterday for Ostend, where the Princess of Wales and her daughters will embark, and return to Port Victoria.

Yesterday the Dean of Rochester conducted a retreat for clergy in Lichfield Cathedral ; and to-day the Bishop of Wakefield is holding one in the parish church of Halifax.

The Exchange Telegraph Company learns that Captain Chippendale, R.E., is to be instructor in fortifications at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, vice Captain Sherrard, R.E., who resigns that appointment.

At a meeting of representative working men held in Birmingham last night, it was resolved "That the occasion of the visit of Mr. Gladstone to Birmingham affords an opportunity to present to him specimen work of Birmingham manufacture, and this meeting cordially invites the co-operation of the trades to assist in the movement."

Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of Truro, has returned from abroad after an extended absence for the benefit of his health. His physicians have every hope that if he strictly follows their advice and does not work too hard he will at the end of that time be perfectly restored to health. He is making arrangements accordingly.

The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. Flood, who was for some years in practice as a surgeon at Leeds, but afterwards took orders and was appointed to the living of Beaminster, in Dorset. He leaves a widow, two daughters, and five sons, two of the latter of whom are clergymen, and one a surgeon practising in Leeds.

SURREY AND AUSTRALIA AT THE OVAL.

CLOSE OF COLONIALS' SECOND INNINGS.

After the interesting and exciting play of yesterday, no wonder that the spectators settled down into their places at the Oval this morning with great expectations. During yesterday 9,528 visitors paid for admission, which, with members, &c., would give a total attendance of close upon 12,000. As there is a probability of the contest being finished—in which event the game will be a close one—these figures are sure to be surpassed to-day. When the Colonials made 259 in their first innings they undoubtedly secured a great advantage; but this they lost through the superb defence of Wood and Beaumont, who practically saved their side from disaster. From the start until well into the afternoon the game went steadily against the county. In spite of a couple of mistakes by the fieldsmen, the Colonials disposed of eight of their opponents for 120, or 60 behind the number required to save the "follow on." So far there was every probability of Surrey having to go on with a deficiency of something like 100 runs. Wood has more than once rendered his side valuable assistance with the bat, and occasionally Beaumont has been credited with a good score. Yet their brilliant stand came altogether as a surprise, and completely revived the drooping hopes of the team. Both played with a mastery most remarkable, and one might have mistaken them for batsmen of the front rank. There was scarcely the vestige of a mistake about their defence from the time they came in until the partnership ended. As the score travelled steadily, so the excitement among the spectators increased. Once Wood had a most narrow escape of being run out, for, when the bowler had fielded the ball, he found his partner close up to him, and he himself had not started. The case appeared hopeless; but Wood, who had nearly the length of the pitch to travel, ran his hardest, and Mr. Turner returned the ball so high to the wicket-keeper that the batsman just reached his crease. Such were the chances of his success that in many instances the attempt to get home would not have been made. When only 20 runs were wanted to prevent a follow-on the excitement became intense. Every hit was closely followed, and never probably has a cricket score been so keenly checked by so many people at one time. At length only three notches were required, and Wood settled the matter by cutting Turner brilliantly for four. A hoarse roar of cheering broke out on all sides; hats, handkerchiefs, and umbrellas were waved frantically, and for a few minutes the scene was one of wild disorder. The spectators, however, soon calmed down, and the game proceeded. The Surrey wicket-keeper, who had been in a trifle over two hours, carried out his bat for 55, made without even a bad stroke as far as could be seen. A better innings it would scarcely be possible to see, and the sturdy little Surrey man deserves all the praise it is possible to bestow. The visitors went in for thirty minutes' batting, and as the light was very bad they commenced with the "tail." Two wickets fell for 15 runs, and then stumps were drawn for the day, the Australians being 63 runs ahead, with eight batsmen still to go in. Score :—

THE PLAY TO-DAY.

Many enthusiastic cricketers were waiting for the gate to be opened at ten o'clock this morning. The wicket, although a little worn, is still in capital condition, and the weather is simply delightful. A rumour having got abroad that it is the intention to play the match out on Monday if not finished to-day, we are officially informed that the match will be finished or drawn to-day. As we have said already, the Colonials lost two wickets last night for 15 runs. At 11.20 Surrey took the field, being immediately followed by Blackham and Ferris, the bowling being shared by Beaumont (pavilion end) and Bowley (gas works end). Blackham cut the last ball from Beaumont's first over to the boundary for 4. Bowley opening with a maiden. Blackham presently drove Beaumont for 3. Ferris then turned his attention to Beaumont, driving him twice for 3; but the batsman ran one short, so the score was taken to 32. Then Bowley delivered four maidens in succession, all the runs being made off Beaumont. The score rose rapidly. Blackham added another 4—a boundary hit, and Ferris getting away for 3, brought 40 up. When the score was at 43 W. W. Read relieved Beaumont. Ferris drove the lob bowler's second ball to the ropes for 4. A single to Blackham made the score 50. And when 57 was reached Lohmann took the ball from W. W. Read, Blackham cutting his first ball grandly for 3, bringing up 60, and Ferris driving his second ball to the seats for 4, and placing his last ball for 2, so at noon the score was: Blackham, not out, 35; Ferris, not out, 28; total, 66; but at 68 Blackham was clean bowled by Bowley for a dashing 35. Bannerman followed. After some slow play Ferris cut Bowley for 4, bringing up 70, and repeated that performance shortly afterwards. At 77 Beaumont relieved Bowley, Ferris had by this time made 33 by faultless cricket. Soon another change came, for at 78 Bannerman was caught by Lohmannoff Bowley for 0. Trott followed, and immediately cut Beaumont for 3, bringing up 80 at 12.25, then there was some good all-round cricket for a while, till Lohmann got the ball by Ferris, which cleaned bowled him for a splendid 39—84 for five. Trott, not out, 6; extras, 1. Bonnor followed, and Trott relieved the monotony by off-driving Beaumont for 3, and a single off Lohmann brought up 90 at 12.45. Presently Bonnor skied a ball, which was an easy chance for Beaumont, but he failed to take advantage of it. Before long Trott was clean bowled by Lohmann for 12—95 for 6. Bonnor, not out, 5; extra, 1. Lyons followed. Bonnor cut Lohmann finely for 4, and the 100 went up at 12.51. Bonnor, not out, 9; Lyons, not out, 1.

AUSTRALIANS.—First Innings.

Bannerman, c Abel, b Beaumont	18	Edwards, b Beaumont	9
M'Donnell, c Lohmann, b Bowley	35	Blackham, c Bowden, b Bowley	0
Trott, c Lohmann, b Bowley	36	Worrall, c Lohmann, b Bowley	4
Lyons, b Beaumont	8	Ferris, not out	4
Bonnor, c Wood, b Henderson	87	Extras	11
Jarvis, b Lohmann	32		
Turner, b Bowley	15	Total	259

AUSTRALIANS.—Second Innings.

Worrall, b Beaumont	3	Bonnor, not out	5
Edwards, c Henderson, b Bowley	0	Lyons, not out	0
Ferris, b Lohmann	39	Extras	1
Blackham, b Bowley	35		
Bannerman, c Lohmann, b Bowley	0	Total	95
Trott, b Lohmann	12		

SURREY.—First Innings.

Shuter, c Worrall, b Turner	0	Lohmann, b Ferris	14
Key, c Blackham, b Ferris	8	Beaumont, b Ferris	18
Abel, l b w, b Ferris	1	Bowley, c and b Turner	18
W. W. Read, l b w, b Turner	15	Wood, not out	55
Bowden, c Ferris, b Trott	3	Extras	10
Henderson, b Lyons	12		
M. Read, st Jarvis, b Trott	57	Total	211

Later. At 104 Lyons was splendidly caught by Lohmann off Beaumont for a single. McDonnell followed, but he quickly lost his partner, Bonnor, who was well caught by Bowden standing close to the Pavilion rails. His score was 13, 104 for 8, M'Donnell, not out. Turner followed. Worse luck awaited the team. M'Donnell was grandly caught by Bowden, for 8—112 for 9. Jarvis was soon clean bowled by Lohmann for 1, and the innings closed for 123.

LONDON MORNING BETTING.

LANCASHIRE PLATE.

2 to 1 agst Seabreeze (t), 6 to 1 agst Ayrshire (t), 6 to 1 agst Le Sancy (t), 7 to 1 agst Annamite (t), 7 to 1 agst Friars Balsam (t), 8 to 1 agst Galore (t), 16 to 1 agst Gay Hampton (t), 16 to 1 agst Quartus (t), 20 to 1 agst Melanion (t), 33 to 1 agst Phil (t), 33 to 1 agst Antibes (t), 33 to 1 agst Enterprise (t), 33 to 1 agst Bevaide (t), 33 to 1 Mania(t), 50 to 1 agst any others.

EGLINGTON NURSERY.—2 to 1 agst the Field.

OLDHAM WELTER.—4 to 1 agst the Field.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

DEATH.—On September 11, at her country residence, Etrétat, Normandy, Albertina the beloved wife of James Reid, of 2, Avenue Hoche, Paris. Friends please accept this (the only) intimation.

THIS DAY'S MONEY MARKET.

One o'clock.

MARKETS QUIET AND DULL.—NO FEATURE.

The further withdrawal of gold from the Bank of England yesterday for South America, and the fears of more to follow, have had a hardening effect on the discount rate, and whereas yesterday morning holders could get their fine three months' bank paper negotiated at 3½ per cent, nothing is now done below 3 9-16, while in some directions 3⅝ per cent. is quoted. Short money is not much wanted, and in the absence of demand the rate for advances until Monday is no more than 2¾ per cent. The supply of cash has been further reduced the last day or two by the repayments falling due at the Bank of England, and the meeting of a call on the last Canadian Pacific loan, and it is fully expected that considerable fresh borrowings will have to be effected at the Bank next week, in order to meet the requirements incidental to the Stock Exchange settlement and the end of the quarter.

There is very little indeed doing on the Stock Exchange, and the attendance of members is small. As the settlement approaches more disposition is shown to close or reduce accounts, owing to the anticipation of high carrying-over rates, and in consequence of these realizations prices droop. Consols show no movement, while in the Home Railway market there is nothing calling for special attention. Brighton Deferred is not quite so strong, having relapsed to last night's official closing price. South Eastern Deferred, however, has been bought, and shows improvement. Foreign Government Bonds are practically lifeless. American Railroads are as a rule weak, in sympathy with the decline in Southern stocks, which continue to be affected by the unfavourable reports respecting the spread of yellow fever. Louisville and Nashville shares are especially flat and a further ¾ down. In other directions the changes are only slight. Grand Trunk stocks have been bought and are higher, and Mexican Railway issues again mark a recovery. In the Mining department Diamond descriptions have been bought and there has been some inquiry for Copper descriptions.

Tenders for Treasury bills to the amount of £1,290,000 will be received at the Bank of England on the 1st prox., at one o'clock. The bills will be dated October 6, 1888, and will be payable at three or six months after date, at the option of the persons tendering.

The Stock Market at New York yesterday opened steady, but London and Chicago were sellers, and the commission people were doing very little. Dealings were largely professional, and traders were inclined to be bearish. Under the lead of Vanderbilts, however, prices rose ½ to 1½; but the bears made use of the spread of the yellow fever epidemic to affect the list, and the gains were more than lost. The market closed quiet and weak, near the lowest prices.

The following are the latest changes compared with last night's closing :—

In Home Railways.—*Improved*: Hull and Barnsley and Great Northern A ½, and South Eastern Deferred ¼. *Receded*: North British ½, Great Western and Sheffield Deferred ¼, North Western and Midland ⅛.

Among Foreign Stocks.—*Advanced*: Turkish Group 2 ⅛, and Groups 3 and 4 1-16. *Declined*: French Four and a Half per Cents. ¼, and Greek 1881, and Uruguay Bonds ⅛ each.

American Railroads.—*Risen*: Lake Shore ⅝, New York Central and Pennsylvania shares ¼, Wabash Preference ¼, Central Pacific, Erie shares, Ontario and Philadelphia and Reading shares ⅛ each. *Fallen*: Louisville and Nashville ¾, Milwaukee and St. Paul ⅜, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio First Mortgage, and Norfolk and Western Preference ¼, Wabash Mortgage ¼, and Northern Pacific Preference ⅛.

As regards Canadian and Foreign Railways.—*Higher*: Mexican Second Preference ¾, the First Preference ½, the Ordinary ¼, Grand Trunk Second Preference ½, the Third Preference ⅜, the First Preference and Guaranteed ¼, and the Ordinary 1-16.

Kimberley Central shares are up ⅞, De Beers ¾, Namaqua ⅜, Brush Light ⅛, Hotchkiss and Bryant and May ⅛, and Rio Tinto 1-16; but Suez Canal are down ¼, and Mason and Barry 1-16.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The market opened quiet, with a small demand. Probable sales 4,000 or 5,000 bales. Prices on the spot are favouring buyers. Futures are steady at one point advance.

The following are this day's Closing prices of the principal Stocks and Shares :—

BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.			Brighton (Ordinary)	141	⅞	London and County	83½ 6½
Consols	100½	⅛	Do. A	123¼	30	Union of London	49 1
New Consols 2¾	97¼	⅞	Chatham (Ordinary)	24¼	⅛	London and West.	66½ 7½
Reduced 3 p. c.	99⅞	100	Do. Preferences	102½	3	London Joint Stock	39½ 40½
Local Loan Stock	102	3	North Western	170	¼	Nat. Prov. of Eng.	43 4
New 2½ per. Cent	94½	5	South Western	138½	9½	Stand. Bnk. S. Afric	50½ 1½
India 3½ per Cent.	104¼	¼	Manchester & Shef.	71	3	MINES	
Do. 4½ p. c. Rup.	72¼	⅛	Do. A.	38½	⅞	Indian Consolidated	⅛ ¼
Egyptian Guar.	100	⅛	Met. Consolidated	74½	5	Mysore shares	3 ⅛
Met. Bd. Wks. 5½	111½	12	Do. Land Stock	70½	1½	Ooreguims	1½ ⅝
Do. 3 p. c. Scrip	101	4	Do. District	35	½	Cape Copper	5¼ ⅝
Birmingham Crp. Stk.	110½	11	Midland	133¼	4¼	Namaqua	3⅞ ⅞
Liverpool	110½	11	North British	126¼	7	Mason and Barry	11 9 16 11 13
FOREIGN STOCKS.			North Eastern	139⅜	⅞	Rio Tinto	24 7 16 9 16
Argentine 6 p. c.	100	2	North Stafford	111	13	Montana £1 shares	1 11 16 13 16
Do. Hard Dols	70½	1½	South Eastern	133	5	De Beers	31⅛ ⅜
Do. Treasury	99	100	Do. Deferred	110⅝	11⅛	Kimberley Cent.	35 ¼
Austrian Gold	91	3	FOREIGN RAILWAYS			TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES.	
Do. Silver	57	9	Canada Pacific	59¼	½	Anglo-American	44½ 5⅜
Brazilian 1875	103	4	Can. Pacific Shares	36½	7	Do. Pref.	74 5
B. Ayres 6 p. c.	102	4	Chic. Mil. and St. P.	67¼	⅛	Brazilian Submarine	13⅛ ⅛
Do. Cedulas I.	64	⅛	Denver & R. Grande	20½	¼	Direct Unit. States	10⅜ ⅛
Chilian 4½ p.c. 1885	100	2	Do. Pref.	54¼	5¼	Eastern	12¼ ½
Costa Rica A.	92½	3½	Illinois Shares	121	2	Ditto Extension	12⅛ 13⅛
Do. B.	91½	2	Lake Shore	103¼	4¼	United Telephone	13¼ ½
Egypt. State Don.	101½	2	Ohio & Mississippi	25	⅛	Globe Teleg. Trust	7 ¼
Do. Unified	85⅜	¼	Louis. and Nash.	60	½	TRAMWAYS ETC	
Do. Preference	102⅞	⅞	Mex. Cen. Bonds	67¼	8¼	London Gen. Om	193 8
Do. Daira Sanieh	80⅛	⅜	Do. Nat "A"	63	⅛	London Street	12½ 13½
French 3 p.c. Rnts	82¼	3¼	Miss. Kan. & Texas	13	½	London Tramway	13½ 14½
Do. 4½ p.c. Rnts	103¼	4¼	N. Y. Cen. Shares	121¼	¼	North Metropolitan	17 18
Greek 5 p.c. 1881	80½	1	New York Ontario	17½	18	WATERWORKS.	
Hung. Gold Rents	83⅜	⅞	Erie Shares	30	¼	Chelsea Waterworks	260 5
Italian	96¼	⅜	Do. Sec. Mort.	103½	4	East London	197 202
Mexican Converted	99⅞	⅞	Norfolk & West. Pref	57½	¾	Grand Junction	124 8
Peruvian 5 p.c.	7 14 15 16	15 1 16	N. Y. P. & O. 1st M.	41¼	½	Kent	270 5
Do. 6 p.c.	26¼	⅛	North. Pacific Pref	61⅛	2½	Lambeth	261 6
Portuguese	61½	⅜	Pennsylvania Sh.	57	¼	New River, New	349 54
Russian 1873	98½	¾	Phil. and Read. Sh	26½	7	S'thwrk. & Vauxhal	166 71
Spanish 4 p. c.	75⅜	½	Union Pacific Shares	61⅛	¾	W. Middlesex	265 70
Turkish 1854	100	2	Wabash Preferred	27	½	GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.	
Group 1	25¼	¾	Do. Gen. Mort.	41½	5½	Gaslight & Coke A	232 6
Group 2	25½	¾	Grand Trunk Sh.	11	¼	Imp. Continental	209 12
Groups 3 and 4	15 1 16	3 16	Do. First Pref.	66⅜	7⅛	South Metropolitan	305 11
4½ p. c. 1871	86¼	7¼	Do. Second Pref	46¼	¼	Brush Elec. L. (£4 pd)	3¼ ½
5 p. c. Defence	93	½	Do. Third Pref.	2	¼	MISCELLANEOUS.	
5 p. c. Priority	81	3	Do. Guaranteed	70½	1	Allsopp	8¼ ½
Uruguay Unified	76	¼	Mexican Ordinary	48½	¾	Guinness and Co.	310 12½
Virginia Funded	41	2	Do First Pref	121¼	¾	Hotchkiss	10⅛ ⅜
U.S. 4½ p.c.	108½	9½	Ob. do. 2nd Pref	80½	1	Bryant and May	12¼ 13¼
BRITISH RAILWAYS			Lombardo-Venetian	8⅞	9	Spratt's Patent	9⅞ 10⅛
Caledonian	115⅛	½	Varna 3 per cent	7⅜	⅝	P. and O. Steam	65 8
Great Eastern	70⅝	⅛	Nitrate Railway	24¼	5¼	Royal Mail Steam	65 8
Great Northern	117½	12½	BANKS.			Nat. Discount Co.	11½ 12
Ditto A	104½	5⅜	Alliance Bank	13¼	14¼	Hudson's Bay	19¾ 20¼
Great Western	143½	50	City Bank	20½	1½	Suez Canal	83 ¼
Hull and Barnsley	32	½	Consolidated Bank	7¼	8¼	P. & W. Ind. Docks	24 6
Lanc. and York	116⅜	20⅜	Imperial Ottoman	12	½	London and St. K.	43 5

THE CANONBURY MURDER.

THE SUSPECTED MAN BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.

At the Clerkenwell police-court yesterday, Henry Glennie, twenty-four, a hot-water fitter, was charged on suspicion with having been concerned, with other persons not in custody, in wilfully murdering Frances Maria Wright, at the house, Canonbury, on May 16 last. A detective gave evidence of the arrest of the man near the corner of the Caledonian-road on Wednesday. On Thursday night he saw the prisoner and showed him a carpet bag (produced), and said, "This is the bag that was dropped by a man who was seen running away from Canonbury-terrace. I have obtained information that this bag belongs to you." The prisoner became very pale and agitated, and after hesitating, said, "Well, I admit that it is my bag—or rather it was mine. I sold it with some tools to a man in the Star and Garter public-house, Caledonian-road. I don't know who he is, or how much I sold them for." When he was charged formally at the station with having been concerned in the murder the prisoner made no reply. A carman, called Jones, said the prisoner very much resembled a man whom he saw on the Wednesday of the murder walking down Canonbury-terrace with a bag on his shoulder. The prisoner was remanded till Thursday.

MR. PARNELL'S SCOTCH ACTION.

The *Freeman's Journal* says:—There is not the slightest foundation for the statement that Mr. Parnell is now less anxious than he was before to proceed with his action in Edinburgh; on the contrary, it is his firm resolve to push forward the trial of that action with all possible despatch; though it is not expected that it can be tried in any case until next spring, when it is presumed that the Commission will have finished its inquiries.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S CRITICISM OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Addressing a meeting held under the auspices of the Lambeth Progressive Club last night, Mr. Bradlaugh criticized Mr. Chamberlain's recent speeches at considerable length. He remarked that Mr. Chamberlain was good enough to inform them, with great distinctness of language, of his intention to support the present Government, so long as he knew that the Government that would take its place was pledged to a policy with the principles of which he entirely disagreed. Many a deserter, when he thought he would be shot by the army from which he had deserted, entirely disapproved of the principle to which he had sworn upon his enlistment.

SUICIDE OF AN IRISH COLONEL.

An inquest was held at Kinsale yesterday on the body of Colonel Reeves, who committed suicide by taking prussic acid. He was much worried by creditors, and had challenged his brother-in-law to fight a duel unless he sent him £300. When found dead the deceased had a Bible and the "Believer's Daily Remembrancer" at his side. In his coat was found a note to his wife, stating he had told her that he should leave quietly, and he hoped she was satisfied. Another note in pencil stated that he was broken-hearted: he had done all to settle matters, but failed. He, therefore, used prussic acid, and might God have mercy upon him. He wanted nothing more. A letter torn in fragments about the bedroom was from a London solicitor demanding instant payment of money due. Verdict of suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

THE NEW WIMBLEDON.

A scheme is being promoted by Messrs. Reffell, of Manor Farm, Horton, near Slough, to offer to the National Rifle Association a site near the Staines moor, which they consider would be admirably adapted for the purposes of the new Wimbledon. It consists of two farms, called Yeoveney and Moor Farms, of 400 acres and 300 acres in extent respectively. The former is owned and occupied by Messrs. Reffell, and the latter by General Owen Williams. The promoters say that the land could be offered at £70 an acre, and could be leased back at 2½ per cent. on that sum for farming purposes. It is stated that Lord Wantage, Colonel Humphreys, and Mr. Hoey, engineer to the association, have inspected the site, and have reported favourably on it. It is only four miles from Windsor and seventeen from London.

A WHALE HUNT IN THE SOLENT.

As the steam packet *Bembridge* was crossing the Solent yesterday afternoon from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight, she encountered the unusual obstacle of a full-grown whale, against which she ran as the monster, which is described as being fifty feet long, was leaving Brading harbour. It subsequently made for the shore, where it was surrounded by a number of boats, and was eventually stranded on the beach at Sea View.

A WELSH CENTENARIAN.—A DAUGHTER OF EIGHTY-SEVEN.

A Welsh lady writes:—"We have an old lady of one-hundred-and-eight living at Pyle, Glamorganshire, in a small thatched cottage with her youngest daughter. She was born at Llansamlet, near Swansea. Her eyesight is wonderfully strong and clear; she can distinguish vessels easily four or five miles distant. A few days ago, looking over the bay, she noticed a steamboat passing, and she remarked to her daughter that a large steamer was passing with nothing on the masts. She is in receipt of parish relief. Her eldest daughter, eighty-seven years of age, was coming by train to see her mother one day, when a commercial traveller asked her if she was going a long way. She replied that she was only going to the next station, and was on a visit to her mother. The reply was, "Look here old lady; you are going to see your mother, are you? I am not so green as I look. I cannot believe that." "Quite a fact, though," said a friend of mine who was present. "I know both." Photographs of her have been taken and are being sold for her benefit.

RELIGIOUS RIOT IN INDIA.

A religious riot between Hindoos and Mohammedans has occurred near Mhow. Three Hindoos were killed, and upwards of fifty people injured. It was found necessary to send troops to quell the disturbance. Two Pathan sepoys of the 17th Bombay Infantry stationed at Mhow ran a muck. They killed a native officer, two sepoys, and a woman; and fired at their adjutant, but missed him. The guard was turned out, and shot down the murderers.

MDME. CARNOT'S RECEPTIONS AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

The President of the French Republic and Mdme. Carnot have been staying at the palace at Fontainebleau, and will remain there until the 30th. Mdme. Carnot holds an afternoon reception every Tuesday. Her visitors form a circle round her, and she converses with pleasing amiability with as many as she can, inviting often those who have come a distance to stay long enough to rest. She was brought up at Fontainebleau. There is generally an immense bouquet near her, sent as a present by some of the numerous horticulturists of the Seine-et-Marne, which is the most rose-growing department between Paris and the Maritime Alps. Mdme. Carnot is still in mourning. She dresses with great elegance. The Seine-et-Marne is the department in which there are the most great country seats, the owners of many of which attend the Tuesday receptions. The President's wife shows remarkable tact in respecting the principle of equality so dear to the majority of French men and women. She contrives, however, to let those visitors who hold, in virtue of wealth, great positions, think they are received with particular distinction.

THE MASS FOR THE DEAD AT ST. PETER'S.

Fifty-thousand tickets of invitation will be distributed for the mass to be celebrated by the Pope on September 30, in St. Peter's. On the tickets is a notice requesting the visitors not to break out into applause, but to keep quiet and serious, it being a mass for the dead. It will take place at 9.30. His Holiness will be carried into the church in his chair, surrounded by the Papal Court. He will be robed in red, that being the mourning colour adopted by the Popes. At the same hour masses for the dead will be recited in all the Roman Catholic churches of the world. The Catholic Church is divided, as to its rites, into three distinct churches—the church militant, which comprehends all living Catholics; the church triumphant, which embraces those elected by heaven; and the church purgatorial, for the dead. The churches militant and the triumphant have enjoyed the benefits of the Jubilee, the first having received concessions of indulgence, the second the canonization of new saints; and now the Pope desires that the dead should not be forgotten in the Jubilee solemnities.

PROMOTION OF SHIPBUILDING IN SPAIN.

The Spanish Government having given Bilbao the largest order for the construction of the new cruisers for the fleet and a State subsidy for the improvement of the harbour, the municipal corporation, to celebrate the occasion, have invited the Ministers of Marine and Public Works to be present at a banquet and other splendid entertainments which began yesterday. The public buildings, the private houses, and the ships in the river were gaily decked with Spanish and English flags. All classes took an active part in the demonstrations. Much satisfaction is expressed in the local press, which publishes articles dwelling on the advantages which the town will derive from the new industry of ship-building. The British and Spanish promoters of the yards intend to build merchant vessels, besides the cruisers of 7,000 tons each which they are to construct for the Spanish Government. Much sympathy and gratitude is expressed in Bilbao for the enterprise shown by the English capitalists.

THE MILITARY RIOTS IN DUBLIN.

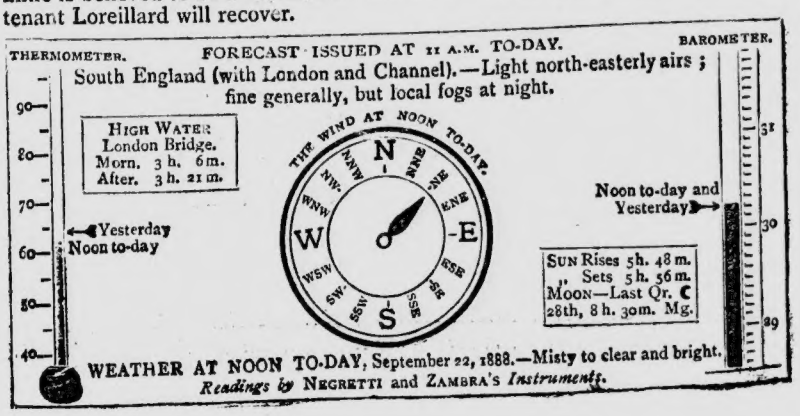
Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, commander of the troops in Ireland, has ordered a searching investigation into the riot at the Royal Barracks, Dublin, on Tuesday. Already statements of the fight have been furnished to him by the officers responsible; but the official investigation will resolve itself into a court-martial, and it is believed that exemplary punishment will be inflicted on the rioters of the various regiments. A number of men are still under hospital treatment. It is reported that the Duke of Cambridge has telegraphed for reports on the émeute at Portobello and the riot at the Royal Barracks. Efforts have been made to minimize the seriousness of the fight at the latter place, but it is beyond dispute that it was of a very fierce character.

WORKING MEN AS MAGISTRATES.

The Lord Chancellor having now under consideration the appointment of justices for the first commission of the peace for West Bromwich, a movement is on foot asking for the appointment of several working men on the bench. The following letter has been written by Mr. Burt, M.P.: "I rejoice to learn that steps are being taken to have some representative men appointed on the commission of the peace in your locality. It is high time that the present exclusive system was more effectually broken down. It will doubtless increase confidence in the administration of justice when it is seen that magistrates are chosen for other reason than because of their high political partisanship. The selections already made, the choice of men like my friends the late Mr. William Pickard, Mr. Birtwistle, and others, have amply indicated the new departure. Among a great working-class population such as yours there are special reasons why a fair proportion of the magistrates should be closely associated with the work-people."

THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.—Letters have been received in Calcutta from the Ameer bearing the date of September 13, according to which he had recovered from the recent attack of gout from which he had been suffering. They furthermore stated that he was in good health.

THE ATTACK ON FRENCH OFFICERS.—Telegrams from Belfort give further particulars of the assault made on General Dorlodot des Essarts by four men, one of whom stabbed Lieutenant Loreillard in the breast with a knife. The assailants have not yet been taken into custody. The man who used the knife is believed to be a German named Lehr. There is little hope that Lieutenant Loreillard will recover.



MORE PASSAGES FROM THE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S DIARY.

The following are some further extracts from the Emperor Frederick's Diary as given in the *Deutsche Rundschau*. They all belong to the time of the Franco-German War:—

THE EMPEROR'S MOTTO.

On July 29 he writes: "Cartwright is coming from Italy, where opinions differ as to the person from whom Rome may hope to get most. I have a presentiment that after the present war we shall have an interval of peace after all the battles and bloodshed, but at present my motto is, 'Fearlessly and steadily onward, with the help of God.'"

With regard to the co-operation of the South German States, he writes on August 6:—"Their assistance has been the cement between the various bodies of troops. The consequences will be of enormous importance if we only seriously try not to let the present moment slip by unused." He adds: "A French Cuirassier Colonel said to me, 'Alas! Sir, what a misfortune. I am ashamed of being a prisoner. We have lost everything!' I replied, 'You are wrong in saying that you have lost everything, for after having fought like brave soldiers, you have not lost your honour.' Whereupon he said, 'Thank you; you have done me good in treating me in this way.'"

On September 2, the Sedan day, he writes: "The term 'the history of the world is the judgment of the world' rises up before me from my boyish history lessons. . . . Moltke receives the Iron Cross of the first class; Bismarck comes, and they smoke and talk about everything except politics."

THE INTERVIEW WITH THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

This is how the Crown Prince describes the interview between the King and the French Emperor after the surrender of the latter. "The King began by saying that he had come to ask the Emperor about his intentions now that the chances of war had turned against him and that he had given up his (the Emperor's) sword. Napoleon put his future entirely into the King's hands, who replied that he was sincerely sorry to see his opponent in such a predicament, especially as he knew that the Emperor had not lightly resolved to commence the war. Napoleon was evidently pleased with the remark, and assured the King with warmth that he had only given in to public opinion when he had resolved on going to war, whereupon the King replied, 'But the fact that public opinion went in that direction is due to those whom you have made your councillors.' Referring to the immediate object of the visit, the King asked Napoleon whether he was thinking of proposing any treaties, the Emperor answering that as a prisoner who could exert no influence in the Government. To the question where the Government was, he answered 'at Paris.' . . . The conversation lasted some quarter of an hour, and when the two came out of the room the King's high, noble figure stood out in wonderful contrast to the Emperor's short, thickset frame. As the latter caught sight of me, he stretched out one hand, while with the other he dried the heavy tears which rolled down his cheeks."

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

On September 14 the following short entry is made:—"Russell, the *Times* correspondent, has vanished without leaving a trace; he has gone straight to England, and was already writing in his carriage."

The only entry on September 29 is, "Fifteen years ago to-day I became engaged at Balmoral." Under October 2 we read, "Queen Victoria, who follows our actions with touching sympathy, has telegraphed to his Majesty to exhort him to high-souled dealings concerning Favre's peace offerings. She has, however, no practical suggestion to make."

November 10. Note to Bismarck concerning the position our press has taken with regard to England November 11. Bismarck sends Abeken, who has grown a full beard, to answer my note, and to say that he regrets the language of our press towards England, and that he has instructed Eulenburg and Bernstorff accordingly. Bismarck does not at all agree with the latter; he says his notes, and the articles he writes to us in this place, are scarcely readable because of their long-windedness; the other day he had sent a writ of eighty pages, which nobody had the time to read. "Nov. 18.—I am pleased with the *Times*' article regarding my letter of thanks to Lindsay; may I succeed to form a tie according to the principles of my never-to-be-forgotten father-in-law between the two countries so entirely dependent on each other. Dec. 14.—The anniversary of Prince Albert's death; I remember how he always told me that we must leave off thinking that without the assistance of Germany we could play an important part."

THE IRONY OF THE APPEALS TO HEAVEN.

On December 25 the following is the only entry:—"It is really an irony on the message of goodwill that each party calls to God to aid its righteous cause, and that at every success we are inclined to prove that heaven was against our opponent." The first entry in 1871 begins thus:—"January 1. The king received me seriously and kindly, with the wish that I might be spared to see the peaceful fruit of the present work. He could not imagine that German unity would be constant, since few of the princes were determined to act as would be desirable. I asked Delbrück how he would name the navy, the customs, the postal and telegraph departments. 'Imperial.' And the army? 'Well, that is a ticklish thing.' Whereupon I congratulated him on the artistically finished chaos."

"Jan. 18.—The work for myself and my wife has now become doubly difficult; but I welcome it doubly, for I do not recoil from any difficulty, and I feel that I do not lack courage to undertake the work fearlessly and perseveringly; and, finally, I am convinced it has not been in vain that between the age of thirty and forty I have been repeatedly called upon to form the most important resolutions, and to carry them out, looking into the face of the dangers connected with them."

On January 24 a conference was held between the heads of the two hostile armies, and—"Favre developed the hunger of a wolf at Bismarck's supper. Next day Favre came again, and Bismarck maintains that he eats a dinner which was meant for three persons. He is said to have taken some fat geese away with him yesterday." February 14.—Cardinal Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, is with me; he is open and highly cultured; after having carefully ascertained that his chaplain could not hear him in the next room, he brought the question of retribution forward and the position of the Pope. . . . Himself a convert, he judges Evangelicals mildly.

A TALK WITH THIERS.

On February 22 the Crown Prince received Thiers, and writes:—"He lays special stress on the fact that France is anxious for peace, but that the Parisians put great weight on our non-entrance into the capital, by which excesses and demonstrations might be avoided. . . . He considers that Napoleon III. is chiefly responsible for the war, and spoke cuttingly about Gambetta. He said flattering things about my reputation in France, is pleased that the Emperor lives at the prefecture, and leaves the palace to the wounded. He talked with little expression, mostly with his eyes resignedly cast down, very tactfully, fluently, without mannerism or phrases. When I talked he looked straight and searchingly at me, with shining eyes, through his large spectacles. He has the appearance of a healthy banker."

"CONFIDENCE IN MY FUTURE."

The last entry before his return to Germany is dated from Ferrières, "March 8.—Calm. I walk about with Stosch. Rothschild has accumulated objects of art without any system. Granville, Triquetti, and Hyacinthe do justice to my character in their letter, apart from military things, in which the moment must decide. With regard to moral earnestness and political conviction, they can only be the result of inward maturity and inward struggles, which must be continued daily, and for which oneself is only responsible. And when I see that my endeavours to help the oppressed are acknowledged by Germany and by her neighbours, and that people are gaining confidence in my future, I am quite happy. March 12.—Home, after a separation of nearly nine months."

PREACHERS AT THE LONDON CHURCHES TO-MORROW.

The clergy and others sending appointments of preachers are informed that the notices must reach the office not later than the *First Post* on Saturday, or they cannot be inserted.

St. Paul's Cathedral—Prebendary Whitrington, 10.30; Canon Scott Holland, 3.15; Prebendary J. H. Lester, 7.
Westminster Abbey—Rev. E. C. Hawkins, 10; Canon Duckworth, 3.
Foundling Chapel—Dr. Ker Gray, 11.
Curzon Chapel, Mayfair—Rev. A. D. J. Robinson, 11.30; Dr. Ker Gray, 6.30.
St. James's, Westmoreland-street, W.—Rev. H. R. Haweis, 11 and 7.
St. Andrew's, Ashley-place—Rev. A. Gerald Bowman, 11 and 7.
St. Bride's, Fleet-street—Rev. G. O. Donoghue, 11; Rev. E. C. Hawkins, 7.
St. George's, Botolph-lane, Eastcheap—Rev. W. H. Wilkins, 11.15 and 7.
St. Agnes, Kennington Park—Rev. T. B. Dover, 11 and 7.
St. George's, Bloomsbury—Rev. H. Stork, 11; Rev. H. Le Neven, 7.
St. Bartholomew's, Moorfields—Rev. Blomfield Jackson, 7.
Mercers' Chapel, Cheapside—Rev. Arthur Veysey, 7.
St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate—Rev. E. Collett, 11; Rev. R. H. Hadden, 6.30.
Holy Trinity, Bessborough-gardens—Prebendary Reynolds, 11; Rev. H. B. Coward, 7.
St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, Queen Victoria-street—Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, 11.15 and 7
St. Bartholomew-the-Great, West Smithfield—Rev. F. W. T. Daniels, 11 and 7.
All Hallows, Upper Thames-street — Rev. T. Moore, 11 and 7.
Christ Church, Carlton-hill, St. John's-wood—Bishop Richardson, 11 and 3.30; Rev. Arthur Poulton, 7.
Christ Church, West Kensington Park— Rev. Arthur Poulton, 11; Bishop Richardson, 7.
St. Mary's, Moorfields—Monsignor Gilbert, 11; Rev. Daniel O'Sullivan, 7.
Pro-Cathedral, Kensington—Rev. A. B. Gurdon, 11; Rev. Donald Skrimshire, 7.
French Protestant Evangelical Church, Westbourne-grove, Bayswater—Pasteur du Pontet de la Harpe, 11 and 7.
French Protestant Episcopal Church of the Savoy, Bloomsbury-street—Rev. E. Davidson, 11 and 3.
French Huguenot Church (late St. Martin's-le-Grand), Athenæum Hall (pro tem.), 73, Tottenham-court-road—Pasteur G. G. Daugars, 11; Pasteur E. Neel, 7. (Services in French.)

BAPTIST.

Bloomsbury-street—Rev. James Baillie, 11 and 7.
Borough-road, Southwark—Rev. G. W. McCree, 11 and 6.30.
Clarendon Chapel, Camberwell New-road—Rev. John Creer, 11 and 6.30.
Camden-road—Rev. George Hawker, 11 and 7.
Denmark-place, Camberwell—Rev. S. B. Rees, 11 and 6.30.
East London Tabernacle, Burdett-road, E.—Rev. Archibald G. Brown, 11 and 6.30.
Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, 11 and 6.30.
Regent's Park Chapel, Park-square East—Rev. F. B. Meyer, 11 and 7.
Upper Holloway—Rev. J. R. Wood, 11; Rev. J. T. Wigner, 7.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Arundel-square, Barnsbury—Rev. H. Elwyn Thomas, 11 and 6.30.
Balham—Rev. John Bartlett, 11 and 7.
Barbican Chapel, New North-road—Rev. Ira Boseley, 11 and 6.30.
Bishopsgate Chapel—Rev. T. Grear, 11 and 6.30.
Brixton—Rev. J. F. Stevenson, 11 and 6.30.
City-road—Rev. George Thompson, 11 and 6.30.
City Temple—Rev. Dr. J. Parker, 11 and 7.
Claremont, Pentonville-road—Rev. W. Whittley, 11 and, 6.30.
Craven Chapel, Foubert's-place, Regent-street—Rev. Arthur Hall, 11 and 7.
Crouch End, Park Chapel—Rev. A. Rowland, 11 and 6.30.
Dalston, Middleton-road—Rev. W. Justin Evans, 11; Rev. Joseph Boyle, 6.30.
Eccleston-square, Belgrave-road, S.W.—Rev. Dr. Hiles Hitchens, 11 and 7.
Falcon-square, Aldersgate-street—Rev. A. H. Storrow, 11 and 6.30.
Fetter-lane Chapel—Rev. Dr. Gwynne Jones, 11 and 6.30.
Finsbury Chapel, Finsbury-circus—Rev. T. Kench, 11 and 6.30.
Finsbury Park Chapel, Seven Sisters-road—Rev. T. Eynon Davies, 11 and 6.30.
Fulham Chapel, Dawes-road, Walham-green—Rev. Jonathan Calvert, 11 and 6.30.
Gospel Oak, Southampton-road, N.W.—Rev. Henry Le Pla, 11 and 7.
Hare-court Chapel, St. Paul's-road, Canonbury—Rev. Henry Simon, 11 and 7.
Harley-street, Bow-road, E.—W. Evans Hurndall, 11 and 7.
Highbury-quadrant, Highbury New Park—Rev. S. Pearson, 11 and 6.30.
Highgate—Rev. J. M. Gibbon, 11 and 6.30.
Holloway Chapel, Camden-road—Rev. Mark Wilks, 11 and 6.30.
Kensington, Allen-street—Rev. C. S. Horne, 11 and 7.
Kentish-town—Rev. T. McDougall Mundle, 11 and 7.
King's Weigh House Chapel, Pillar Hall, Cannon-street Hotel—Rev. A. Sandison, 11 and 6.30.
New-court Chapel, Tollington Park—Rev. F. W. Newland, 11 and 6.30.
Notting-hill, Kensington Park-road—Rev. W. Roberts, 11 and 7.
Paddington, Marylebone-road—Rev. G. Douglas Macgregor, 11 and 7.
Tolmer's-square, N.W.—Rev. F. Hastings, 11 and 7.
Union Chapel, Islington—Rev. Dr. Allon, 11 and 6.30; Service of Praise, 3.30.
West Kensington, Castletown-road—Rev. A. Norris, 11 and 7.
Westminster, James-street, Buckingham-gate—Dr. George Macdonald, 11; Rev. W. Justin Evans, 7.
Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham-court-road—Rev. J. Jackson Wray, 11 and 7.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Bayswater, Denbigh-road—Rev. J. Dodsworth, 11; Rev. J. Olphert, 6.30.
Brixton-hill—Rev. F. J. Sharr, 11; Rev. W. J. Elvy, 6.30.
City-road—Rev. F. J. Murrell, 10.45; Rev. W. G. Pascoe, 6.30.
Great Queen-street—Rev. G. Kenyon, 10.45; Rev. S. Dawe, 3 and 6.30.
Liverpool-road, Islington—Rev. A. Dyson, 11; Rev. J. Clegg, 6.30.
Roupell Park—Rev. J. Kinnings, 11; Rev. E. T. Smith, 6.30.
Streatham—Rev. E. T. Smith, 11; Rev. F. J. Sharr, 6.30.
Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars-road (Primitive)—Rev. B. Senior, 11 and 6.30.
West Norwood—Rev. W. J. Elvy, 11; Rev. J. Kinnings, 6.30.
Wesleyan West Central Mission, St. James's Hall—Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, 11 and 7.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Crouch-hill, N.—Rev. J. B. Meharry, 11 and 6.30.
Kensington, Allen-street—Rev. Charles Moinet, 11 and 7.
Marylebone, Upper George-street, Bryanston-square—Rev. J. R. Howatt, 11; Rev. E. H. E. Franks, 7.
Regent's-square.—Rev. Professor Iverach, 11 and 7.
St. Paul's, Westbourne-grove—Rev. J. H. Parry, 11 and 7.
St. Columba's Church, Pont-street, Belgravia—Rev. J. N. Stuart, 11 and 7.
St. John's-wood, Marlborough-place—Rev. J. Monro Gibson, 11; Rev. Dr. Paterson, 7.

OTHER SERVICES AND ADDRESSES.

Christ Church, Westminster-road—Rev. Newman Hall, 11 and 6.30.
Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse, E.—Ned Wright, 11; Rev. H. Bright, 3; Mr. A. M. Kyd, 7.
Essex Church, Notting-hill Gate (Unitarian)—Rev. W. Carey Walters, 11 and 7.
Exeter Hall, Strand—Mr. Ned Wright, 3.45 (men only); 7.30 (public).
Great Assembly Hall, Mile-end-road, E.—Rev. Henry Varley, 11 and 6.45.
Gresham Hall, Brixton—Rev. R. Macmillan, 11 and 7.
Little Portland-street Chapel (Unitarian), near Oxford-circus—Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, 11.15 and 7.
The Theistic Church, Swallow-street, Piccadilly—Rev. C. Voysey, 11 and 7.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

South-place Institute, Finsbury—Dr. Stanton Coit, on "Robert Elsmere," 11.15.
Deptford Liberal Club, Broadway—Mr. D. Firth, on "The Events of the Week," 11.30; Mr. C. Fitzgerald, on "The Democracy and the Empire," 8.
Progressive Association, The Hall, 81, Pentonville-hill—Mr. Graham Wallas, on "The Chartist Movement," 7.45.
Star Radical Club, Railton-road, Herne-hill—Mr. Lloyd, on "Liberal Lads," 11.30.

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TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING.)

TO-DAY at 2 and TO-NIGHT at 9,
Mr RICHARD MANSFIELD in
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.
(Last 9 performances.)

Preceded at 8 by LESBIA, Classical Comedy in One Act, by Mr. RICHARD DAVEY. Lesbia, Miss Beatrice Cameron.

MORNING PERFORMANCE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.

MONDAY, Oct. 1, A PARISIAN ROMANCE. Mr. MANSFIELD as the BARON CHEVRIAL.

Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 to 5.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

(Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.)

TO-NIGHT at 8.30 precisely, the new original Drama, by Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS, entitled "CAPTAIN SWIFT." Mr. Tree, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Allan, Mr. Harwood, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Brookfield; Lady Monckton, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Cudmore, and Mrs. Tree. Preceded, at 7.50, by THAT DREADFUL DOCTOR. Doors open at 7.30. Box-office open daily, 10 till 5.

CRITERION THEATRE.

(Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.)

BETSY, EVERY EVENING, at 9 with the original cast. Preceded by, at 8.10, THE DOWAGER. Doors open at 7.45. Stage and Auditorium Lighted entirely by Electricity. N.B.—MATINEE of BETSY on SATURDAY NEXT, at 3. Doors open at 2.30.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

(A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.)

THIS EVENING, at Eight, THE UNION JACK. 53th Time. Mr. William Terriss; Messrs. C. Cartwright, J. D. Beveridge, J. L. Shine, L. Cautley, D. Somers, H. Russell, E. Lennox, &c.; Miss Millward; Mesdames Helen Forsyth, O. Nethersole, D. Drummond, E. Bufton, and Clara Jecks. At 7.15, THE LOTTERY TICKET.

TERRY'S THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDWARD TERRY.)

(Acting Manager, Mr. H. T. BRICKWELL.)

The safest and coolest Theatre in London, constructed entirely with concrete and iron, absolutely fireproof, lighted throughout with electricity.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, A. W. PINERO's New Three Act Domestic Drama, SWEET LAVENDER. 190th Time. Messrs. Edward Terry, Alfred Bishop, Brandon Thomas, T. C. Valentine, Bernard Gould, F. Kerr, Sant Matthews; Mesdames M. A. Victor, Carlotta Addison, Maude Millett, Eva Wilson. Doors open at 8. Carriages 11. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Seats at the Libraries and Box-office, open from 10 to 5. Telephone 2,702.

GLOBE THEATRE.

(Lessees and Managers, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE and Miss EDITH WOODWORTH.)

THIS EVENING, at 8, FROU-FROU. Messrs. W. Farren, Arthur Elwood, Fred Terry, G. Farquhar, F. Dawson, C. Kent: Mesdames Edith Woodworth, Henrietta Lindley, R. Evelyn, Margaret Terry, Minnie Terry, and Marie de Grey.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HORACE SEDGER.)

EVERY EVENING, at 7.40, WARRANTED BURGLAR PROOF.
At 8.30, punctually, DOROTHY. (730th Performance.)

Mesdames Marie Tempest, Florence Perry, Harriet Coveney, F. Neville, and Amy Augarde; Messrs. Ben Davies, Furneaux Cook, Arthur Williams, J. Le Hay, E. Griffin, and C. Hayden Coffin. Musical Director, M. Ivan Caryll. Doors open 7.30. Box-office open from 10 till 5.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

In Concert Hall and Theatre, FRATELLI PRANDI's MARIONETTES, "RODOPE" and "THE LIVING SKELETON," at 3 and 7.30 P.M. The NEAPOLITAN MANDOLINISTS at 4.30 and 9 P.M.

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GRAND BALLET. FAIRY SCENES of "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," THIS and EVERY EVENING. Marvellous Success. Arranged and produced by Madame Katti Lanner and Mr. Oscar Barrett. Can be witnessed by thousands without extra payment.

SAVOY.—Proprietor and Manager, R. D'OYLY CARTE.—TO-DAY at 2.30 and 8.30, THE MIKADO, Japanese Opera. By W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. At 7.30, MRS. JARRAMIE'S GENIE. Box-office open from 9 A.M. till 11 P.M.

SAVOY.—THE MIKADO.—THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, until further notice, and SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at 2.30.

SAVOY.—LAST WEEKS of THE MIKADO.

COMEDY THEATRE. — TO-NIGHT, at 9 o'clock, a New Farcical Comedy, in three acts, entitled UNCLES AND AUNTS, by W. LESTOCQ and WALTER EVERARD. Mr. W. S. Penley, Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. Wilfred Draycott, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, Mr. Walter Everard, and Mr. W. Lestocq. Miss Cissy Grahame, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Caroline Elton, Miss Kate Lee, and Miss Vane Featherston. Preceded by, at 8, THE SPY. Business Manager, Mr. E. F. BRADLEY.

UNCLES AND AUNTS, TO-NIGHT, at 9. MATINEE TO-DAY (Saturday) at 3 o'clock.—COMEDY THEATRE.

NIAGARA IN LONDON. COLOSSAL PICTURE of the GREAT FALLS, original effects, by PHILIPPOTEAUX. Pleasant Lounge, Music, American Museum, Electric Light. Refreshments by Beguinot. Admission 1s. No fees. 10 to 10.—YORK STREET WESTMINSTER. St. James's Park Station.

FREEMAN THOMAS' PROMENADE CONCERTS, THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN. THIS EVENING at 7.30, Admission One Shilling. Grand Orchestra (150 performers). Leader, Mr. Carrodus. Conductor, Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe. Vocalists THIS EVENING:—Miss Alice Whitacre, Miss Van Heddeghem, and Signor Foli. Mr. Carrodus (Solo Violin), Mr. James Hamilton (Piccolo Solo). Prices of admission, 1s. to £3 3s. Doors open 7.

GAIETY THEATRE.—"SHE." A great success.
Manageress, Miss SOPHIE EYRE.

GAIETY.—"SHE."—A Great Success.—TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8, a Romantic Play from the celebrated Novel of H. Rider Haggard. Miss Eyre, Misses Fanny Enson, Elliott, Enid Leslie, Wilson, Vyse, Graves, and Miss Mary Rorke; Messrs. Julian Cross, Edmund Gurney, H. Maxwell, James East, Glyn, Wynn, and Mr. Edmund Maurice. Box-office open daily from 10 till 6. Prices from 1s. to £4 4s. Manager, Mr. EUGENE C. STAFFORD.—GAIETY THEATRE.

GAIETY.—"SHE."—Miss SOPHIE EYRE as SHE.
MATINEE TO-DAY, at 2.30.

DRURY LANE.—AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager,
THIS (Saturday) EVENING, at 7.30,
A New Grand Spectacular Drama, entitled
THE ARMADA:
A Romance of 1588.
By HENRY HAMILTON and AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

COURT THEATRE.—Proprietors, Mrs. JOHN WOOD and Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH. Manageress, Mrs. JOHN WOOD.—Will Open for the Season on MONDAY, Sept. 24th, on which occasion will be produced (by arrangement with Mr. John Hare) an adaptation of LES SURPRISES DU DIVORCE, by SYDNEY GRUNDY, entitled MAMMA. Box office now open, 10 to 5. Telephone 3,031.

AVENUE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. H. WATKIN.—"OLD GUARD."—By universal desire of press and public the popular "OLD GUARD" will RETURN to its LONDON QUARTERS on MONDAY, October 1st, after a phenomenally successful march through England, Scotland, and Wales. Box office open on Monday next and daily from 10.30 till 5 o'clock.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—THIS DAY.—The most marvellous programme of modern times. Always something New, Startling, and Sensational. BALDWIN'S INTREPID AND DARING PERFORMANCE. Pain's representation of the DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII and GRAND DISPLAYS OF FIREWORKS every Thursday and Saturday. This Palace is now undoubtedly the most popular place of amusement in England.

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NOTICE.—BLONDIN will PERFORM EVERY EVENING at 9.15; and on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS ONLY at 4.45.

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IRISH EXHIBITION.—LEONA DARE.—THIS DAY (Saturday) and EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY until further notice, the Balloon "OLYMPIA" will be despatched at Four o'clock P.M., with which LEONA DARE will make an ascent of 10,000 feet, suspended on a Trapeze.

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The Mystery of Cloomber.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

"There is a scientific incredulity which surpasses in imbecility the obtuseness of the clodhopper.
BARON HELLENBACH.

CHAPTER XII. (*Continued.*)

I MADE no answer to this observation, and we trudged along for a time in silence, keeping well down to the water's edge, where the sands afforded a good foot-hold. The sand dunes which lined the coast formed a continuous ridge upon our left, cutting us off entirely from all human observation, while on the right the broad channel stretched away with hardly a sail to break its silvery uniformity. The Buddhist priest and I were absolutely alone with Nature. I could not help reflecting that if he were really the dangerous man that the mate affected to consider him, or that might be inferred from the words of General Heatherstone, I had placed myself completely in his power. Yet such was the majestic benignity of the man's aspect, and the unruffled serenity of his deep dark eyes, that I could afford in his presence to let fear and suspicion blow past me as lightly as the breeze which whistled round us. His face might be stern, and even terrible; but I felt that he could never be unjust. As I glanced from time to time at his noble profile and the sweep of his jet

"MY GOD!" I CRIED; "WHAT HAS HAPPENED?"

black beard, his rough-spun tweed travelling suit struck me with an almost painful sense of incongruity, and I re-clothed him in my imagination with the grand sweeping Oriental costume which is the fitting and proper frame for such a picture—the only garb which does not detract from the dignity and grace of the wearer. The place to which he led me was a small fisher cottage which had been deserted some years before by its tenant, but still stood gaunt and bare, with the thatch partly blown away and the windows and door in sad disrepair. This dwelling, which the poorest Scotch beggar would have shrunk from, was the one which these singular men had preferred to the proffered hospitality of the Laird's house. A small garden, now a mass of tangled brambles, stood round it, and through this my acquaintance picked his way to the ruined door. He glanced into the house and then waved his hand for me to follow him.

"You have now an opportunity," he said in a subdued, reverential voice, "of seeing a spectacle which few Europeans have had the privilege of beholding. Inside that cottage you will find two Yogis—men who are only one remove from the highest plane of adeptship. They are both wrapped in an ecstatic trance, otherwise I should not venture to obtrude your presence upon them. Their astral bodies have departed from them, to be present at the feast of lamps in the holy lamastery of Rudok in Thibet. Tread lightly, lest by stimulating their corporeal functions you recall them before their devotions are completed."

Walking slowly and on tiptoe, I picked my way through the weed-grown garden, and peered through the open doorway. There was no furniture in the dreary interior, nor anything to cover the uneven floor save a litter of fresh straw in a corner. Among this straw two men were crouching, the one small and wizened, the other large-boned and gaunt, with their legs crossed in Oriental fashion and their heads sunk upon their breasts. Neither of them looked up, or took the smallest notice of our presence. They were so still and silent that they might have been two bronze statues, but for the slow and measured rhythm of their breathing. Their faces, however, had a peculiar ashen grey colour, very different from the healthy brown of my companion's; and I observed, on stooping my head, that only the whites of their eyes were visible, the balls being turned upwards beneath the lids. In front of them upon a small mat lay an earthenware pitcher of water and half a loaf of bread, together with a sheet of paper inscribed with certain cabalistic characters. Ram Singh glanced at these, and then, motioning to me to withdraw, followed me out into the garden.

"I am not to disturb them until ten o'clock," he said. "You have now seen in operation one of the grandest results of our occult philosophy, the dissociation of spirit from body. Not only are the spirits of these holy men standing at the present moment by the banks of the Ganges, but those spirits are clothed in a material covering so identical with their real bodies that none of the faithful will ever doubt that Lal Hoomi and Mowdar Khan are actually among them. This is accomplished by our power of resolving an object into its chemical atoms, of conveying these atoms with a speed which exceeds that of lightning to any given spot, and of there re-precipitating them and compelling them to retake their original form. Of old it was necessary to convey the whole body in this way, but we have since found that it was as easy and more convenient to transmit material enough merely to build up an outside shell or semblance of a body. This we have termed the astral body."

"But if you can transmit your spirits so readily," I observed, "why should they be accompanied by any body at all?"

"In communicating with brother initiates we are able to employ our spirits only; but when we wish to come in contact with ordinary mankind it is essential that we should appear in some form which they can see and comprehend."

"You have interested me deeply in all that you have told me," I said, grasping the hand which Ram Singh had held out to me as a sign that our interview was at an end. "I shall often think of our short acquaintance."

"You will derive much benefit from it," he said, slowly, still holding my hand and looking gravely and sadly into my eyes. "You must remember that what will happen in the future is not necessarily bad because it does not fall in with your preconceived ideas of right. Be not hasty in your judgments. There are certain great rules which must be carried out, at whatever cost to individuals. Their operation may appear to you to be harsh and cruel, but that is as nothing compared to the dangerous precedent which would be established by not enforcing them. The ox and the sheep are safe from us, but the man with the blood of the highest upon his hands should not and shall not live." He threw up his arms at the last words with a fierce, threatening gesture, and turning away from me strode back to the ruined hut. I stood gazing after him until he disappeared through the doorway, and then started off for home revolving in my mind all that I had heard, and more particularly this last outburst of the occult philosopher. Far on the right I could see the tall white Tower of Cloomber standing out clear cut and sharp against a dark cloud-bank which rose behind it. I thought how any traveller who chanced to pass that way would envy in his heart the tenant of that magnificent building, and how little they would guess the strange terrors, the nameless dangers, which were gathering about his head. The black cloud-wrack was but the image, I reflected, of the darker, more sombre, storm which was about to burst. "Whatever it all means, and however it happens," I ejaculated, "God grant that the innocent be not confounded with the guilty."

My father, when I reached home, was still in a ferment over his learned disputation with the stranger. "I trust, Jack," he said, "that I did not handle him too roughly. I should remember that I am *in loco magistri*, and be less prone to argue with my guests. Yet, when he took up this most untenable position I could not refrain from attacking him and hurling him out of it, which indeed I did, though you, who are ignorant of the niceties of the question, may have failed to perceive it. You observed, however, that my reference to King Asoka's edicts was so conclusive that he at once rose and took his leave."

"You held your own bravely," I answered; "but what is your impression of the man now that you have seen him?"

"Why," said my father, "he is one of those holy men who under the various names of Sannasis, Yogis, Sevras, Qulanders, Hakims, and Cufis have devoted their lives to the study of the mysteries of the Buddhist faith. He is, I take it, a Theosophist, or worshipper of the God of knowledge, the highest grade of which is the adept. This man and his companions have not attained this high position or they could not have crossed the sea without contamination. It is probable that they are all advanced chelas who hope in time to attain to the supreme honour of adeptship."

"But, father," interrupted my sister, "this does not explain why men of such sanctity and attainments should choose to take up their quarters on the shores of a desolate Scotch bay."

"Ah, there you get beyond me," my father answered. "I may suggest, however, that it is nobody's business but their own, as long as they keep the peace and are amenable to the law of the land."

"Have you ever heard," I asked, "that these higher priests of whom you speak have powers which are unknown to us?"

"Why, Eastern literature is full of it. The Bible is an Eastern book, and is it not full of the record of such powers from cover to cover? It is unquestionable that they have in the past known many of Nature's secrets which are lost to us. I cannot say, however, that the modern Theosophists really possess the powers that they claim."

"Are they a vindictive class of people?" I asked. "Is there any offence among them which can only be expiated by death?"

"Not that I know of," my father answered, raising his white eyebrows in surprise. "You appear to be in an inquisitive humour this afternoon—what is the object of all these questions? Have our Eastern neighbours aroused your curiosity or suspicion in any way?"

I parried the question as best I might, for I was unwilling to let the old man know what was in my mind. No good purpose could come from his enlightenment; his age and his health demanded rest rather than anxiety; and indeed with the best will in the world I should have found it difficult to explain to another what was so very obscure to myself. For every reason I felt that it was best that he should be kept in the dark.

Never in all my experience have I known a day pass so slowly as did that eventful 5th of October. In every possible manner I endeavoured to while away the tedious hours, and yet it seemed as if darkness would never arrive. I tried to read, I tried to write, I paced about the lawn, I walked to the end of the lane, I put new flies upon my fishing-hooks, I began to index my father's library—in a dozen ways I endeavoured to relieve the suspense which was becoming intolerable. My sister, I could see, was suffering from the same feverish restlessness. Again and again our good father remonstrated with us in his mild way for our erratic behaviour and the continual interruption of his work which arose from it. At last, however, the tea was brought, and the tea was taken, the curtains were drawn, the lamps lit, and after another interminable interval the prayers were read and the servants dismissed to their rooms. My father compounded and swallowed his nightly jorum of toddy, and then shuffled off to his room, leaving the two of us in the parlour with our nerves in a tingle and our minds full of the most vague and yet terrible apprehensions.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE VISITOR WHO RAN DOWN THE ROAD IN THE NIGHT-TIME.

It was a quarter-past ten o'clock by the parlour timepiece when my father went off to his room, and left Esther and myself together. We heard his slow steps dying away up the creaking staircase, until the distant slamming of a door announced that he had reached his sanctum. The simple oil lamp upon the table threw a weird, uncertain light over the old room, flickering upon the carved oak panelling, and casting strange, fantastic shadows from the high-elbowed, straight-backed furniture. My sister's white, anxious face stood out in the obscurity with a startling exactness of profile like one of Rembrandt's portraits. We sat opposite to each other on either side of the table with no sound breaking the silence save the measured ticking of the clock and the intermittent chirping of a cricket beneath the grate. There was something awe-inspiring in the absolute stillness. The whistling of a belated peasant upon the high-road was a relief to us, and we strained our ears to catch the last of his notes as he plodded steadily homewards.

At first we had made some pretence—she of knitting and I of reading; but we soon abandoned the useless deception, and sat uneasily waiting, starting and glancing at each other with questioning eyes whenever the faggot crackled in the fire or a rat scampered behind the wainscot. There was a heavy electrical feeling in the air, which weighed us down with a foreboding of disaster. I rose and flung the hall door open to admit the fresh breeze of the night. Ragged clouds swept across the sky, and the moon peeped out at times between their hurrying fringes bathing the whole country-side in its cold, white radiance. From where I stood in the doorway I could see the edge of the Cloomber wood, though the house itself was only visible from the rising ground some little distance off. At my sister's suggestion we walked together, she with her shawl over her head, as far as the summit of this elevation, and looked out in the direction of the Hall. There was no illumination of the windows to-night. From roof to basement not a light twinkled in any part of the great building. Its huge mass loomed up dark and sullen amid the trees which surrounded it, looking more like some giant sarcophagus than a human habitation. To our overwrought nerves there was something of terror in its mere bulk and its silence. We stood for some little time peering at it through the darkness, and then we made our way back to the parlour again, where we sat waiting—waiting, we knew not for what, and yet with the absolute conviction that some terrible experience was in store for us.

It was twelve o'clock or close on to it when my sister suddenly sprang to her feet and held up her finger to bespeak attention. "Do you hear nothing?" she asked.

I strained my ears, but without success.

"Come to the door," she cried, with a trembling voice. "Now can you hear anything?"

In the deep silence of the night I distinctly heard a dull, murmuring, clattering sound, continuous apparently, but very faint and low. "What is it?" I asked in a subdued voice.

"It's the sound of a man running towards us," she answered; and then, suddenly dropping the last semblance of self-command, she fell upon her knees beside the table and began praying aloud with that frenzied earnestness which intense overpowering fear can produce, breaking off now and again into half-hysterical whimperings.

I could distinguish the sound clearly enough now to know that her quick feminine perception had not deceived her, and that it was indeed caused by a running man. On he came, and on, down the high road, his footfalls ringing out clearer and sharper every moment. An urgent messenger he must be, for he neither paused nor slackened his pace. The quick crisp rattle was changed suddenly to a dull muffled murmur. He had reached the point where sand had been recently laid down for a hundred yards or so. In a few moments, however, he was back on hard ground again, and his flying feet were nearer and ever nearer. He must, I reflected, be abreast of the head of the lane now. Would he hold on? or would he turn down to Branksome? The thought had hardly crossed my mind when I heard by the difference of the sound that the runner had turned the corner, and that his goal was beyond all question the Laird's house. Rushing down to the gate of the lawn, I reached it just as our visitor dashed it open and fell into my arms. I could see in the moonlight that it was none other than Mordaunt Heatherstone.

"My God!" I cried, "what has happened? What is amiss, Mordaunt?"

"My father!" he gasped—"my father!" His hat was gone, his eyes dilated with terror, and his face as bloodless as that of a corpse. I could feel that the hands which clasped my arms were quivering and shaking with emotion.

"You are exhausted" I said, leading him into the parlour. "Give yourself a moment's rest before you speak to us. Be calm, man, you are with your best friends." I laid him on the old horsehair sofa, while Esther, whose fears had all flown to the winds now that something practical was to be done, dashed some brandy into a tumbler and brought it to him. The stimulant had a marvellous effect upon him, for the colour began to come back into his pale cheeks and the light of recognition in his eyes. He sat up and took Esther's hand in both of his, like a man who is waking out of some bad dream and wishes to assure himself that he is really in safety. [*To be continued.*]

Legion of Honour, 1878. Royal Portuguese Knighthood, 1883. Gold Medals at Principal Exhibitions.

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